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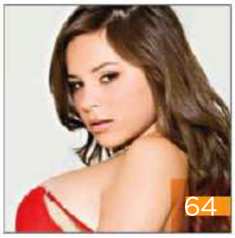

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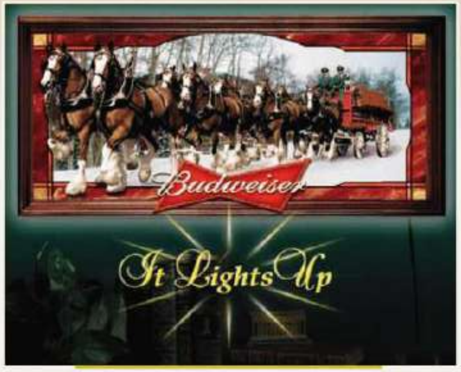

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There's the Rub

My husband and I work out regularly, so we're both fairly fit. We like to relax outside on weekends, and during the summer months, Greg loves when I put on one of my bikinis so he can rub sunscreen on my body. This turns him on immensely, and I love nothing more!

One Saturday the weather was just perfect—not too hot, but the sun was warm. After we'd both worked out, I came outside wearing his favorite black bikini, which exposes lots of cleavage, fits low on my hips, and barely covers what he says is a perfectly tight ass. He was reading on one of our lounge chairs when I lay down next to him and started going through my pile of magazines. I was just starting to relax when he asked if I needed some sunscreen rubbed on the back of my body. Of course I did.

Greg lowered my chair back for me and brought me a towel to lie on. He started slowly by rubbing the bottoms of my feet and my toned legs. His hands rubbed up and down my calves and hamstrings, then gently caressed my ass. My juices started to flow—this felt fabulous. He untied my bikini top and gave me a slow rubdown on my back for several minutes. I was moaning loudly. *Mmm.* No massage therapist does it better. He let me lie there for a few minutes, allowing the sun to heat my body. Then he came back and caressed my back with his fingertips, his hands wandering down to my ass and legs for a few minutes. By this time I was getting really hot, but it felt too good to get up from the chaise.

He asked me to turn over so he could do my front. Now, I'm quite capable of rubbing sunscreen on the front of my body, but if my husband wants to do it, far be it from me to deny him the pleasure. He adjusted the chaise for me and again began at my feet and legs. He made sure every inch of my body was covered in sunscreen, painstakingly rubbing my inner thighs—more juices began to flow. I wasn't sure how much more of this I could take without getting off, but I persevered and allowed him to do my stomach and arms. Then he got to his favorite part—my tits. With his fingertips, he gently rubbed the lotion onto my exposed cleavage, making me cry out in pleasure and finally putting any notion of reading out of my mind.

I was too worked up to just lie in the sun—I needed him to make me come. He led me upstairs to bed, where he lay me down and caressed my tits. I moaned loudly and begged him to get on with it. He pulled off my bikini bottom and found a sopping wet pussy, then teased my clit with his fingers, making me squirm and beg for a good fucking. Before long, I was screaming out in pure pleasure as he brought me to an amazing orgasm, making my entire body quake. He thrust his rock-hard dick into my soaked pussy, and after a few deep, hard thrusts shot his load inside my clenching cunt. It was pure bliss.

I changed bikinis, because the bottom of the black one was soaking wet from my pussy juices. Since one must apply sunscreen liberally during the day, it was time for round two. Just for the record, I always offer to return the favor of massaging on sunscreen, but he says he'd rather rub it on me. Oh, what a shame.—*J.H., Texas*

I needed him to make me come. He teased my clit with his fingers, making me squirm and beg for a good fucking.

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THREE ON A MAT

I'd just finished my Friday night workout at the gym and was heading for the showers when I spotted Serena at the front desk. She was the new yoga instructor and part-time manager, and she was scheduled to close up. She'd only been working at the gym for about two weeks, but my buddy Jerry and I had started competing from day one to see which of us could bed her. She was tall and slender and as flexible as a rubber band.

I took my time showering, then got dressed. I was the last person in the locker room, so naturally when I walked out toward the lobby area I expected to have Serena all to myself. Unfortunately, what I saw was my backstabbing friend Jerry standing at the desk, chatting her up. He'd told me he had to work late and had to skip his workout, but the horny dog had obviously slipped in while I'd wasted precious time in the shower and was trying to talk his way into—or rather, talk her out of—her yoga pants.

The funny thing was that Serena seemed to like us both equally. When we teased her about letting us know which one of us would get lucky, she always joked about not being able to choose between us and possibly taking us both on. At least we thought she was joking.

Serena was laughing and smiling, and when I walked up and shoved Jerry out of the way, she said, "Don't fight, boys—there's plenty of me to go around." Then she came from behind the desk, locked the front door, and told us to follow her as she headed for the exercise room. Jerry and I tried to beat each other through the door to catch up with her.

While we were running and shoving each other out of the way, Serena unrolled one of the martial-arts mats, then started undressing. Jerry and I had enough sense to realize we were both going to get lucky and quickly pulled off our own clothes. I got to Serena first and we lay down on the mat. She had an amazing body because of the yoga, and I let my hands roam over her as we played tongue tag. Then she was sandwiched between us. She turned to kiss Jerry, and he fondled her firm breasts while I teased her neck with my tongue and stroked her between her legs.

Serena handed us each a condom, then gave us a hand by stroking our dicks. I'd never shared a girl before, but if Serena wanted to get double-fucked, I was up to the task.

The dual stimulation was really getting to Serena. My fingers slid easily between her labia and over her clit as I massaged her, moving my fingers back and forth through her free-flowing juices. She started to squirm and moan, and I didn't think I could take much more of her cock-stroking. I ripped open the condom and rolled it on. Then I pulled Serena toward me, raised her leg, and shoved my cock deep into her pussy. But before I could start fucking her, she rolled on top of me and told me to wait for Jerry.

Totally lost in lust, I thought, *Jerry?* Which is precisely when Serena sat up and handed Jerry some lube to go with his condom. Apparently, Jerry was a little faster on the uptake than I was, and before I could fully process what we were going to do, he was all suited up and easing his way through her back door.

Serena stayed perfectly still and so did I as Jerry slowly inched his way into her asshole. It had to be a tight fit because I felt Jerry's cock through the thin wall as it lined up against mine.

I wasn't sure how to move and thought it best to take my cue from Serena. Her eyes were closed, but she had a beatific look on her face—the same look she sometimes had when she did yoga. On the other hand, I'd relaxed enough to feel the natural urge to thrust, so it was a good thing that she raised up slightly to give me room to move. Then, as she lowered herself, I felt Jerry's cock recede almost entirely.

Before I could start fucking Serena, she rolled on top of me and told me to wait for Jerry.

And just like that I knew how it was supposed to work—one dick in while the other moved out. It was incredible. The three of us were soon moving in synchronicity like one three-headed, well-lubed machine—and we were all moaning and grunting like rutting animals and making a sweaty mess of the poor mat.

I don't know exactly how long it went on, but it ended way too quickly. I couldn't swear to it, but Jerry must have shot his load first, setting off an incredible chain reaction. As soon as he grunted, "Oh, damn!" and lost the rhythm, Serena's twat muscles seized my cock like a vise and she cried out something unintelligible. Then she shuddered violently and came again (or maybe it was one long climax) as I had the most intense orgasm I'd ever experienced.

Now, if I said that even after that amazing experience the three of us fucked happily ever after, I'd be lying. It's been two months, and Jerry and I continue to try to undermine each other's relationship with Serena, but no matter what we do, Serena's the one who always comes out on top.—

Name and address withheld

More letters on page 132

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Game On

Forget fighting over who controls the remote. You and your buddies need to prepare to battle for the console itself, or work out some new system for choosing what to play. The new Halo prequel, *Halo: Reach,* offers the customary trash-talking multiplayer fun and shoot 'em up opportunities, with some welcome new additions. *Spider-Man: Shattered Dimensions* lets you propel the web-slinger through different worlds and tackle four of the biggest bad guys in his universe. If only we could really set them against each other....

ILLUSTRATION BY COULAS & LOURDES

HALO REACH

MICROSOFT (XBOX 360)

The *Halo* story is over—well, the story from Bungie, the developer that created the franchise and characters, is over—but this game lets you look back to where it all began. You step into the shoes of Spartan soldier Noble 6 and, with the rest of the Noble Team squad, try to hold the planet Reach from falling to the Covenant. Reach is humanity's last chance, and the home of the UNSC military base. The game's graphics are stunning on the new engine, but what's more important is the new assassination ability attached to the melee button that will help keep you alive (a nice addition to the classic insta-kill). You'll also be pleased to discover that your powered-up armor abilities—including your jetpack, active camouflage, and armor lock—aren't depleted after one use; they can be used repeatedly, with cool-downs between activations.

These equipment add-ons can be used to, essentially, create classes within multiplayer mode, allowing for a deeper online experience. And let's face it: What brings many of us to the *Halo* table is the multiplayer. Bungie has improved the matchmaking abilities so you can be paired with someone who speaks the same language, wants the same level of competition, and has the same connection speed, improving your gaming experience in practical terms, and there are other changes to keep the game interesting. Old modes are back, including Firefight and King of the Hill, but new ones require you to capture as many neutral flags as possible and bring them to a specific location (Stockpile), allow you to unlock new weapons and vehicles whenever either the Spartans or the Elites complete one of three objectives (Invasion), and—our personal favorite—necessitate the snatching of flaming skulls from your opponent's falling team (Headhunter). There are also sprawling new maps (unfortunately, none set in space) and fancy new weapons, like the grenade launcher (available for both the Spartans and the Covenant) and a headshot-friendly Designated Marksman Rifle. There's nothing bad about a more efficient way to kill those bastards.

BY REBECCA SWANNER

SPIDER-MAN: SHATTERED DIMENSIONS

ACTIVISION (XBOX 360, PS3, Wii, DS)

When the ancient tablet of order and chaos is broken into four pieces and scattered throughout four different universes—Noir, 2099, Amazing, and Ultimate—which are new to gamers but not to comics fans, it's up to Spider-Man to retrieve the pieces from the menacing villains (Hammerhead, Goblin, Kraven, and Carnage, respectively) who have snatched them up.

Rocks: In each universe, Spidey is voiced by a different actor who has played him in the past, including Neil Patrick Harris. The Amazing story gives us our familiar red-and-blue-clad Spider-Man, and Ultimate uses the black suit and its tentacles, but Spidey's badass black-leather-wearing stealth avenger in Noir has us seeing him in a whole new way. The worlds aren't closed once you've defeated the boss; instead, you can return to try to do better.

Flops: There's no Marvel Zombie world. Guess we'll have to hit up *Dead Rising 2* for our fix of the undead.

NHL 2K11

2K (Wii)

When we heard that 2K wouldn't be releasing a PS3 or Xbox 360 version this year, we were a little surprised. Then we took a step back and remembered that many critics had been less than impressed with those releases of *NHL 2K10,* but praised the Wii version. This year, while the 2K team is retooling those next-gen editions, they're releasing a version for the Wii that they're so proud of, they took it on the road over the summer and let people walk off with a demo disc. For the tour the company decked out a giant RV, and several stops featured appearances by some very famous hockey players, including Jack Johnson, Marty Turco, and Vancouver Canuck alternative captain/Olympian/cover athlete Ryan Kesler.

In my experience, the Wii Motion Plus gives you the ability to handle the puck as a real player would, in 60-frames-per-second glory. You move the Wii Remote like a hockey stick to shift the puck around on the ice and skate with the analog stick on the nunchuck. You check a player by pushing both hands forward, and fight as you would in a boxing game. This experience is much more visceral than using a traditional controller, but you can also play it that way to simulate a 360/PS3 feel. The company has beefed up the multiplayer component; leagues, tournaments, leaderboards, and quick matches will all be available online so you can go head-to-head against up to four other gamers. It's a fun way to rally your spirits for the upcoming season.

MOVE WITH US

Sony's PlayStation Move gives the Wii its first next-generation challenge.

When Nintendo's Wii kicked off motion-controlled gaming, it was obvious to the world at large that Microsoft and Sony would follow suit. Now, Sony is releasing the PlayStation components for its version of this cool technology (it's $50 for the Move—which can't be used without the $40 Eye—and $40 for the Navigation controller; bundles will be available. Microsoft's Kinect will be available on November 4 for $150).

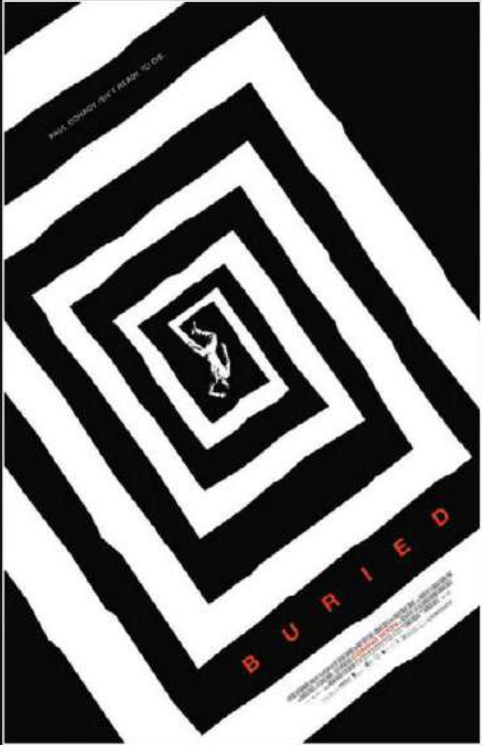
The PlayStation Eye senses the Move, but with much more accuracy than that of the Wii. An added benefit is that the orb can glow in any of 100 colors, so you won't get yours mixed up with that of a friend playing next to you. You can control any game via the Move by using the small face buttons (triangle, circle, square, and X), or the T-button on the back of the controller. Again, like the Wii and its nunchuk, for some titles the Move itself will be enough; for others, you'll need the Navigation controller as well, which features an analog stick, a D-pad, and two clickable L-buttons on the back. Both controllers feature DualShock action buttons and vibrating feedback.

The games don't look half bad with the system. The boxing title *The Fight: Lights Out* delivers a gritty workout, while in *Heavy Rain* the gameplay is more immersive and frightening. And of course there's a heavy dose of on-the-rails and sports-based titles in which you can shoot arrows, play golf, bowl, and more.

SIX FEET UNDER

Ryan Reynolds finds himself buried alive and held for ransom in a creepy new thriller.

BY JOSHUA ROTHKOPF


PAUL CONROY ISN'T READY TO DIE.
BURIED

Buried
Ryan Reynolds

Can we agree that Reynolds has *way* too much of the good stuff? Scarlett Johansson for a wife, a forthcoming action-hero franchise (*The Green Lantern*), and pretty-boy looks. We're not saying we'd like to see him buried alive in a coffin or anything, but that's exactly the tableau that this movie, a Sundance sensation, presents. Reynolds's character, a civilian truck driver in Iraq, is part of an ambushed convoy, and when he wakes after the attack, he finds himself six feet under, trapped in a coffin, and held for a hefty ransom by insurgents. We're not sure how they're going to keep it interesting for 90 minutes, but the trailer—a creepy combination of mental torture and relentless claustrophobia—gave us the heebie-jeebies.

> We're not sure how they're going to keep it interesting for 90 minutes, but the claustrophobic trailer gave us the heebie-jeebies.

Enter the Void
Nathaniel Brown, Paz de la Huerta

We could tell you how this arty French thriller is inspired by the *Tibetan Book of the Dead* and pushes its first-person camera work to the furthest degree. But the real reason it's in here is the raw sex appeal of lead actress Paz de la Huerta. She's remarkably comfortable in her own skin (which we see much of), portraying a stripper who ends up having sex with her older brother. We don't go for incest, but this kinetic, dreamlike ride, written and directed by provocateur Gaspar Noé (*Irreversible*), looks like our kind of foreign film.

The Town
Jon Hamm, Jeremy Renner, Blake Lively

If you keep watching the cable hit *Mad Men,* you eventually notice that there are other people on-screen besides the curvy Christina Hendricks and the sultry January Jones. Hamm is one such person. He plays Don Draper on the show and is, apparently, the star. This movie is his first significant foray onto the big screen; he plays a fed in hot pursuit of a quartet of bank robbers (including *The Hurt Locker*'s Renner). Directing is Ben Affleck, and providing Hendricks-like distraction is *Gossip Girl*'s impossibly attractive Lively. Sign us up.

Easy A
Emma Stone, Amanda Bynes, Stanley Tucci, Patricia Clarkson

Never mind the silly Bynes announcing her retirement from acting at age 24, making this movie her last screen appearance (then reversing the decision via Twitter). The real star here is up-and-comer Emma Stone, whom you may remember from *Superbad, Zombieland,* or *The House Bunny*. The quick-witted, spunky redhead has breakout-star potential. Her new comedy looks to do for *The Scarlet Letter* what *Clueless* did for Jane Austen's *Emma*—that is, repackage it as a smart, up-to-date, high-school satire.

The Social Network
Jesse Eisenberg, Rashida Jones, Justin Timberlake

Are you ready to pull yourself away from posting status updates on Facebook long enough to watch a movie about ... Facebook? No fall flick has us more excited than director David Fincher's darkly satiric dramatization of the founding of the popular time-suck—a simple undergrad-spawned application that became a billion-dollar idea. The usually sweet-natured Eisenberg (*Zombieland*) expands his range by playing brainiac egotist and computer whiz Mark Zuckerberg—brace yourself for some premium dickhead-edness. If, on first glance, the rest of the cast underwhelms (Timberlake?), know that the real star here is *Zodiac*'s Fincher, returning to more suitable territory with an atmospheric thriller after the offbeat *The Curious Case of Benjamin Button.*

Screenwriter Aaron Sorkin (*The West Wing*) shapes the complex material into a pulsating power-grab. The movie has already been honored as the opening-night selection of the prestigious New York Film Festival. And even though it's a completely unauthorized account, be sure to tell your online friends all about it—on a certain social-networking site.

Running Wilde

Arresting TV

It seems like all hell has broken loose, and the networks are hoping a little law and disorder will keep you glued to your TVs this fall. Our guide will walk you through the most promising new shows.

By Julie Foster

UNCONVENTIONAL COMEDIES

$#! My Dad Says*
CBS

The Backstory: William Shatner (*Boston Legal*) stars as a cranky, politically incorrect dad doling out profanity-laced and hilarious advice to his son. (See excerpts from the new book of the same title on page 60.)

The Elevator Pitch: *Dads Say the Dirtiest Things*.

The Good: Shatner. Is guaranteed. To deliver. Some great zingers.

The Bad: The show is based on a Twitter feed, so it could get old pretty fast; we're having trouble imagining how CBS will deal with the cursing and sex talk without watering it down too much.

The Verdict: This is one to TiVo, as we sure as hell hope we'll be laughing too hard to hear every joke the first time.

Running Wilde
Fox

The Backstory: Will Arnett (*Arrested Development*) is a rich, immature playboy who wants the one thing money can't buy: his childhood sweetheart (Keri Russell).

The Elevator Pitch: *Arthur* courts *Felicity*.

The Good: The quirky, witty writing plays to Arnett's strength acting the oddball.

The Bad: The irresponsible-millionaire premise could easily lead to not-so-funny running gags.

The Verdict: We see potential for comedy gold.

Glory Daze
TBS

The Backstory: Four college freshmen pledge the wildest fraternity on campus in 1980s Wisconsin.

The Elevator Pitch: *Animal House* meets *That 80s Show*.

The Good: The always-funny Tim Meadows; plenty of eighties nostalgia; we think you can't go wrong with frat-boy humor.

The Bad: It's an hour-long "dramedy," which could mean there's as much angst as there are laughs.

The Verdict: We'll reserve judgment until midterms.

Outsourced
NBC

The Backstory: After a company's call center moves to India, its hapless manager teaches the locals how to sell whoopee cushions and fake vomit.

The Elevator Pitch: *The Office: Mumbai.*

The Good: Such irreverent and off-color humor is a risk, but it could yield big laughs.

The Bad: We don't actually see much humor in the loss of American jobs.

The Verdict: We'll check it out, but feel guilty every time we laugh.

ACTION HEROES

Nikita

CW

The Backstory: Sexy Nikita (Maggie Q) trades her death-row existence for a gig as a government assassin; years later, she escapes to seek revenge.

The Elevator Pitch: The Bride from *Kill Bill* goes to the *Point of No Return*.

The Good: We've loved watching Maggie Q show off her impressive martial-arts skills in the past; the *Live Free or Die Hard* bad girl will not be the only hot babe kicking ass in skimpy swimsuits and sexy cocktail dresses.

The Bad: We've seen this story before in theaters *and* on television.

The Verdict: Nikita can target us anytime.

No Ordinary Family

ABC

The Backstory: A family's plane crashes into the Amazon River; each member swims out with a new superpower. Let's hope one of them can fly!

The Elevator Pitch: *Heroes* meets *The Incredibles*.

The Good: Michael Chiklis (*The Shield*) can repel bullets and leap tall buildings in a single bound.

The Bad: It might focus more on family drama than superhero fun.

The Verdict: Our Spidey sense is telling us this could be a hit for at least a year or two.

Undercovers

NBC

The Backstory: Retired spies head back to the CIA, hoping a little covert action will spice up their marriage.

The Elevator Pitch: *Mr. & Mrs. Smith* with an *Alias* twist.

The Good: Plenty of sexpionage from the sultry wife; international-spy antics from hit-maker J. J. Abrams (*Star Trek, Lost, Fringe*).

The Bad: The marriage drama could get soapy.

The Verdict: We're ready for some deep under-the-covers action.

Chase

YEP, MORE COP SHOWS

Hawaii Five-0

CBS

The Backstory: This is a remake of the classic series about an elite task force of detectives in the Aloha State, which ran for 12 years.

The Elevator Pitch: *NCIS: Hawaii.*

The Good: *Battlestar Galactica* babe Grace Park and *Lost*'s Daniel Dae Kim fighting crime in a bikini paradise, along with stars Alex O'Loughlin and Scott Caan.

The Bad: Interest in cop shows has got to be on the verge of hitting its breaking point, making us question the wisdom of bringing back a beloved old-school entry.

The Verdict: We'll watch an episode or two, if only to see how many babes in bikinis are on-screen.

Chase

NBC

The Backstory: U.S. marshals hunt down bad guys in this crime-fighting drama from producer Jerry Bruckheimer.

The Elevator Pitch: *The Fugitive* with a hot blonde chick instead of Tommy Lee Jones.

The Good: Plenty of action and a sexy, cowboy-boot-wearing lead (Kelli Giddish). So maybe it's more like *Justified* with a hot blonde chick instead of Timothy Olyphant.

The Bad: There may not be enough to it to set it apart from the other new law-enforcement shows, not to mention all the cop shows already airing.

The Verdict: It's not on our most-wanted list, but we'll give it a shot.

HIGH-CONCEPT CRAPSHOOTS

Boardwalk Empire

HBO

N'S TEMPERANCE
ATLANTIC C NEW JERSEY

The Backstory: Steve Buscemi (*Reservoir Dogs*) stars as the politician/gangster in 1920s Atlantic City who rules the town and rubs noses with Al Capone.

The Elevator Pitch: Martin Scorsese directed the pilot, which we'd guess is all the pitch HBO needed, but fine: *Goodfellas* meets *The Untouchables.*

The Good: This slick Prohibition-era drama promises gangster action with cool speak-easy style, not to mention starting off with Scorsese's unique brand of genius.

The Bad: Period dramas can become stilted and boring, but the short seasons that premium cable is known for could balance that out.

The Verdict: We're cracking open a six-pack to celebrate the premiere.

The Walking Dead

AMC

The Backstory: A small-town cop leads a ragtag group of survivors after a zombie apocalypse.

The Elevator Pitch: *Dawn of the Dead* with shades of *28 Days Later*.

The Good: If AMC can do zombies as well as it does those sixties ad execs of *Mad Men* and the meth-cooking maniacs of *Breaking Bad,* this will be a real fun ride.

The Bad: Zombie battles are cool, as many movies have proved, but we have our doubts that they can sustain a whole series.

The Verdict: What the hell. Bring on Armageddon!

Nikita

The Walking Dead

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (*BOARDWALK EMPIRE*) CRAIG BLANKENHORN/HBO. (*NIKITA*) JORDIN ALTHAUS/COPYRIGHT CW/COURTESY EVERETT COLLECTION

LATE-NIGHT CONFIDENTIAL

Hey now! One of the most influential sitcoms of the past 20 years finally gets a full release on DVD.

By John Semley

In May 1998, *Seinfeld* aired its series finale; it was the curtain call heard around the world, and it completely eclipsed the final bow of another critically lauded sitcom: *The Larry Sanders Show*.

Sanders, the brainchild of star Garry Shandling and venerable TV writer/producer Dennis Klein, began airing on HBO in August 1992. Its peek at life behind-the-scenes of a late-night TV talk show was enhanced by the celebrities who appeared to riff on their own star personas and the bands that played live to flog their latest releases; in a twist that captured the general consensus about Hollywood stars, the inflated egos of the show's fictional stars swelled season after season.

The Larry Sanders Show was a hotbed for comedic talent, showcasing some of the funniest comics of the 1990s (including Janeane Garofalo, Bob Odenkirk, and Scott Thompson) and nurturing a slew of up-and-comers, from potty-mouthed Sarah Silverman to a pre-*Entourage* Jeremy Piven to the now undisputed king of raunchy film comedy, Judd Apatow. At the center of it all, of course, were host Larry Sanders (Shandling), sidekick Hank Kingsley (Jeffrey Tambor), and stalwart producer Arthur (Rip Torn), who never had a last name, as far as we can tell. Larry was the vain egomaniac struggling with prescription pills and his own celebrity; Hank was the hopeless putz exploiting his nominal fame and catchphrase (the hearty "Hey now!") at every turn; Artie was the two-fisted Patton figure—a loyal depiction of Johnny Carson's *Tonight Show* producer Fred De Cordova—constantly scrambling to keep the ship on an even keel.

It's difficult to overstate the influence *The Larry Sanders Show* has exerted on today's sitcoms. The documentary realism mixed with self-deprecating humor bled into Ricky Gervais's BBC comedy hit *The Office* (Gervais has called *Sanders* "the classiest sitcom ever") and its American counterpart, while traces of its celebrity mockery and industry in-jokes are visible in everything from NBC's *30 Rock*—where Torn has popped up as a network exec, in a nod to his Emmy Award–winning role on *Sanders*—to HBO's newer series *Curb Your Enthusiasm* and *Entourage*.

The full-series release of *The Larry Sanders Show,* which fans have been requesting for years and was delayed a number of times, is finally coming out this month, courtesy of the pop-culture preservationists and home-video specialists at Shout! Factory. The 17-disc box set features all six seasons and scads of special features. And the timing couldn't be more perfect: As the fallout from last winter's heated media scrum between Jay Leno and Conan O'Brien still settles, *Sanders*' insider's view at the backroom deals that grease the wheels of late-night television is even more relevant than when Leno was fighting David Letterman for Carson's gig.

JUST A FEW OF OUR FAVORITE EPISODES

✦ "Party" (season one): A quiet dinner at Larry's house becomes a full-blown office party; Artie goes a bit overboard on Salty Dogs, a cocktail that's half salt/half vodka.

✦ "Larry's Birthday" (season two): Larry's already stressful birthday celebrations are further dampened when he's forced to fire head writer Jerry (Jeremy Piven).

✦ "The Grand Opening" (season two): Hank struggles to ensure perfection at his ground-level revolving restaurant, Hank's Lookaround Café—"where you and your food go on an adventure."

✦ "Hank's Night in the Sun" (season three): When no other option is available, Hank is forced to fill in for a sick Larry. After a successful first night, things go horribly but hilariously wrong.

✦ "Arthur After Hours" (season four): Fed up with the hassle of the show, Artie spends an evening drinking Scotch with the janitor, cursing Larry, and fiddling with Hank's karaoke machine.

✦ "Hank's Sex Tape" (season four): Scandal strikes when a tape of Hank sleeping with two call girls spreads across town; guest star Norm MacDonald admires Hank's formidable endowment.

✦ "Everybody Loves Larry" (season five): David Duchovny develops a man-crush on Larry, who begins to wonder what the *X-Files* tagline "The Truth Is Out There" really means.

✦ "Flip" (season six): Jim Carrey, Jerry Seinfeld, Tom Petty, and loads of others show up to say good-bye to Larry in the hour-long series send-off.

BY BARBARA RICE THOMPSON

Iron Man 2

Maybe it wasn't the greatest movie to come out this summer, but it was a tremendously fun ride. Robert Downey Jr.'s snarky Tony Stark was still amusing, although the drunken antics got old fast; Mickey Rourke overacted like a mofo; and while we couldn't always tell what the hell was going on during the fight scenes, the special effects were impressive. Don Cheadle was the perfect replacement for Terrence Howard, as his more forceful personality played well against Downey both as Rhodey and as War Machine. (We get that we have to wait till after *Thor, Captain America,* and probably *The Avengers,* but we're more than ready for more War Machine.)

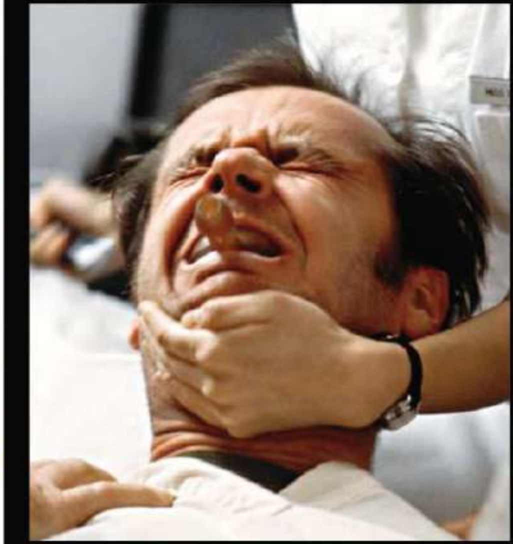
The two-disc DVD comes with a commentary track by director Jon Favreau, deleted scenes, two featurettes, and a digital copy. The Blu-ray release is loaded with bonuses, including a S.H.I.E.L.D. data vault, additional deleted scenes, another half-dozen featurettes, a standard-def disc, and a digital copy. Unfortunately, we're guessing we could watch every minute of the bonus features and still not know why the fuck Whiplash didn't fry himself when he was flipping around those cool electric whips while standing in the water. Those must have been some serious safety boots.

Spartacus: Blood and Sand

The Complete First Season

When we first heard about this series, we thought, *Rome rip-off,* but we're still always in favor of blood, guts, and nudity—and this had it all, including full-frontal male nudity, rape, murder, and orgies. This show will appeal to fans of *Rome, Gladiator,* and/or *300*. The four-disc set has all 13 episodes (with four director's cut extended versions that were "too risqué, even for cable TV," on the Blu-ray), enhanced visual effects, a handful of featurettes, behind-the-scenes footage, interviews, and more.

HIGH-DEF UPDATE



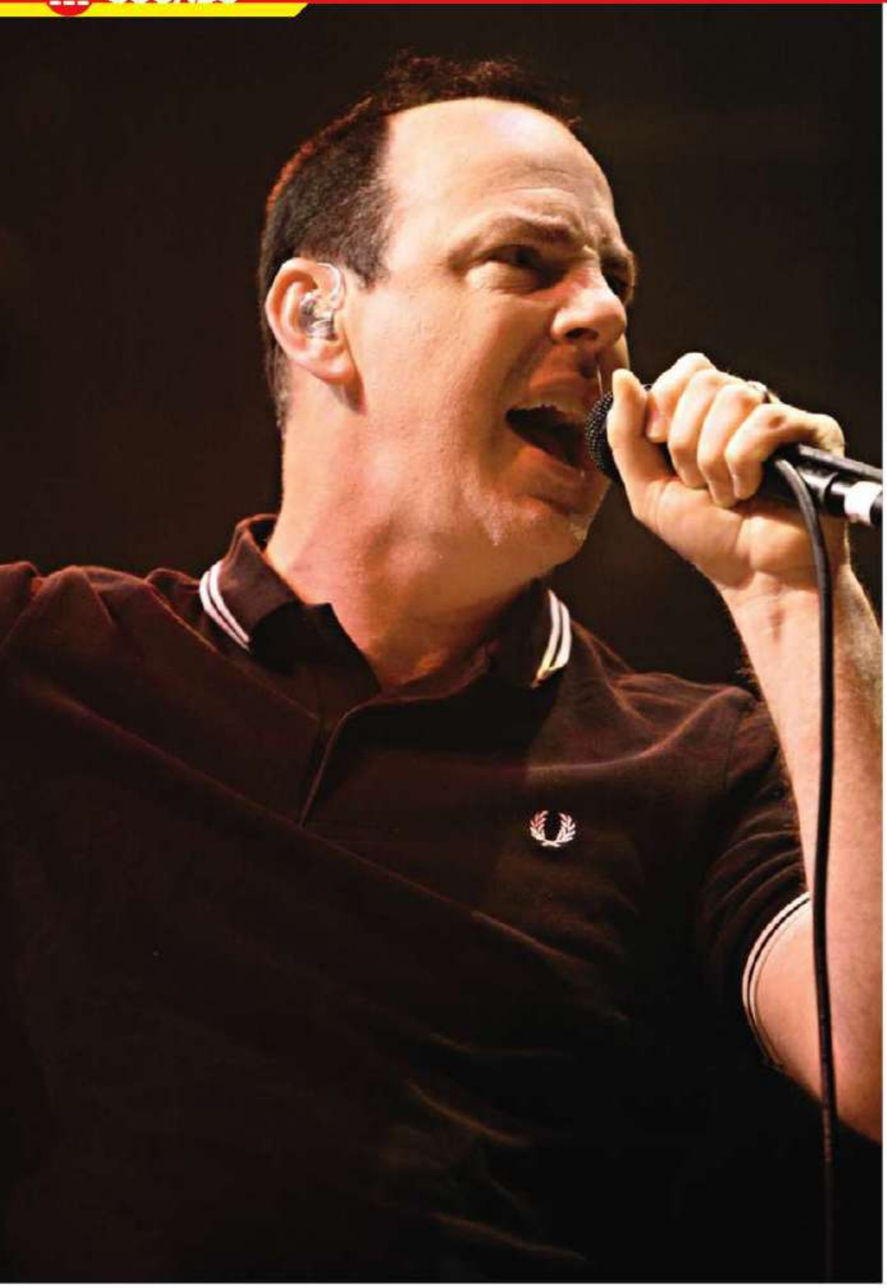
ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST

This is the same Blu-ray that was released two years ago, but now it's been wrapped up with such collectibles as playing cards, posters, and character cards. The film's visuals and audio have been remastered, and it has never looked or sounded better, but it's not the kind of flick that benefits greatly from a high-definition presentation. Bonuses include a commentary track, deleted scenes, and a making-of featurette. It's a nice package, if you upgraded your entertainment system recently and don't already have the film on Blu-ray.

THE THIN RED LINE

This 1998 film from director Terrence Malick about the World War II battle of Guadalcanal is an incredible and visually stunning embodiment of war as hell, starring some of the most talented actors of this generation, including Sean Penn, Adrien Brody, George Clooney, Woody Harrelson, John Cusack, and John C. Reilly. This Criterion Collection release looks gorgeous and sounds great. New bonus features include an audio commentary by director of photography Jack Fisk, an essay by film critic David Sterritt and a 1963 essay on war films by James Jones (who wrote the novel on which the film was based), outtakes, and interviews, but, unfortunately, not a word from the reclusive Malick himself.

PHOTOGRAPHS (HIGH-DEF UPDATE) COURTESY EVERETT COLLECTION



Anarchy & Inquiry

Greg Graffin, lead singer of legendary punkers Bad Religion, celebrates 30 years in music with his band's 15th album and a memoir about his unique twin career paths.

By John Bolster

Bad Religion frontman Greg Graffin has lived a double life for most of his adult existence. No, he's not a CIA operative, he doesn't have a second family squirreled away somewhere, and he's definitely not addicted to a virtual online world, Dwight Schrute–style.

His alter ego is more surprising, interesting, and, in its own way, more punk rock: Graffin holds a doctorate in zoology, has taught at UCLA, and has been honored by Harvard University's Secular Society for his work in science and art.

That's right, one of the godfathers of Southern California punk is a science nerd. Got a problem with that? Bad Religion fans—or at least those who are aware of it—sure don't: The band is celebrating its 30th year in music with its 15th album, *Dissent of Man,* out this month, and the publication of *Anarchy Evolution,* Graffin's memoir of his dual careers.

We talked with Graffin during a stop in the band's European tour, and he told us about keeping the band together, his problem with the term "atheist," and how Charles Darwin was a punk rocker at heart.

Tell us about the new album.
Well, as you probably know, one of Darwin's most famous books was called *The Descent of Man,* so this is a play on words. And the album represents a culmination of Bad Religion's 30 years of evolution. The sound is a little bit of a departure; we took a few chances. We even brought in a pedal-steel player, like we did on *Recipe for Hate* in 1993. But the strongest elements of our band have always been lyrical quality and harmonies. And those are very consistent on this record as well.

Did you imagine when you started this band at age 15 that you'd still be doing it when you were 45?
No—God, no. I didn't even know what that meant, to be 45 [*laughs*]. You can't even conceive of what it's like to be *25* when you're 15. I was just thinking, *Let's just get through our first record and actually play shows and build a following*.

What's been the key to keeping the band going for so long?
I always say it's like a family—what does it mean, once you're an adult, to have a successful family? Well, you want to be able to go back to your parents and your siblings around holiday times and not have a major catastrophe or major arguments. Being in a band is kind of the same thing. We give each other plenty of space, we're tolerant of each other's evolution—personal growth, that is—and we're not too critical, or judgmental. But when we get together as a group, we take it seriously.

When I was reading your book, I kept thinking of a bumper sticker I once saw. It read, YOU BELIEVE IN LIFE AFTER DEATH. I BELIEVE IN DEATH AFTER LIFE. MY WAY MAKES MORE SENSE.
[*Laughs*] I would agree with the bumper sticker. That's great.

> “What Darwin was saying was as insulting and shocking to his community as anything that Jello Biafra said in the Dead Kennedys.”

You don’t believe in God, but you make a point of rejecting the term “atheist” in favor of “naturalist.” Why is atheism so abhorrent?
I think it’s because it’s nebulous. There’s nothing worse than a neighbor who comes over and tells you all the things that he’s against, without telling you what he’s for. It makes people very uneasy and I think there’s a good reason for that. It leaves you in the dark. If you say you’re not for God, but don’t say what you *are* for, then, to the interpreter, it opens up a world of possibilities—you could be for *anything*. You might as well be a baby-eater.

You write, “If Charles Darwin were alive today, I think he would find something very attractive about punk rock.” That sounds like the premise of a Charlie Kaufman flick. What did you mean?
If you consider the outrage in the community, in Darwin’s day, about what he was suggesting, it was as insulting and shocking as anything that Jello Biafra ever said in the Dead Kennedys. So that statement just suggests that it would have taken a lot of balls in those days to make [the] claim [that Darwin was making]. He was in the spirit of punk in that the shock and the outrage were due to [the fact that] the public hadn’t looked carefully or deeply enough into the phenomenon. I think that’s what makes a good, shocking punk song.

You talk about fans staking out your hotel in Brazil. The Ramones were also huge in South America—in Uruguay they were like the Beatles. What is it with South America and punk rock?
That’s true about the Ramones. I think Marky Ramone still goes down there and draws huge crowds for his solo projects. But I don’t know what it is. They’re passionate people, and they love passionate music. You know, Bad Religion and Julio Iglesias.

[*Laughs*] You guys have toured together, right?
We’ve played so many festivals in our lives, I’m sure we have played together, somewhere. But you know, we’re probably the only punk band that has played with Bob Dylan three times.

Have you really?
Yeah. Most recently, about three weeks ago in Bilbao, Spain.

You didn’t hang out with him at all, did you? I’ve heard he’s pretty reclusive.
He doesn’t hang out [*laughs*]. I’m getting to be that way, too. I’d rather go write something; I don’t really hang out much.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (GRAFFIN) HARMONY GERBER/LONDON ENT/SPLASH NEWS; (INTERPOL) JELLE WAGENAAR

REVIEWS

BY ANDY GREENWALD

BRANDON FLOWERS
Flamingo
Island/Def Jam
★★★

If Frank Sinatra was the musical embodiment of “old” Vegas, then Killers frontman Brandon Flowers is the face of Vegas today: glitzy, loopily earnest, and desperate for the comfort of myths and stories both religious and profane. *Flamingo,* Flowers’s solo debut, plays in his familiar (desert) sandbox—the “neon-encrusted temples” of his hometown—but the sound is rootsier, riskier, and more fun. By turns synthy (“Was It Something That I Said?”) and Springsteen-y (“Hard Enough,” a duet with Jenny Lewis), *Flamingo* is as surprising as the city that inspired it.

GRINDERMAN
Grinderman 2
Anti-
★★★★

After 30-plus years of legendary status in both the punk-rock and mustache-growing communities, Nick Cave has earned the right to unwind. Of course, Cave’s idea of downtime is gathering members of his band, the Bad Seeds, strapping on a guitar, and giving voice to the sort of thrusting, down ’n’ dirty skronk-blues somehow deemed unsuitable for his usual, not-exactly-PG output. While *Grinderman 2* lacks anything as hilariously heavy as 2007’s “No Pussy Blues,” it’s still plenty great: twisted tales about thumb-sucking heathen girls in bathtubs and the “custard-colored” dreams of Ali MacGraw and Steve McQueen. And who else but Cave could make “I want to stick my fingers in your biscuit jar” sound downright romantic?

INTERPOL
Interpol
Matador
★★★

The New York rock “revolution” of the early ’00s lasted about as long as a New York minute, as hyped bands Stroke-d out under the glare of the national spotlight. Doomy downtowners Interpol stumbled particularly badly: 2007’s *Our Love to Admire* was a turgid, dour mess. So this strong, self-titled fourth album is a welcome surprise. Freed from expectations, the band sounds as relaxed as 30-year-old men in leather pants can sound, lightening their trademark guitar menace with bouncy bass and peppy snares. “I will act in a certain way!” bellows singer Paul Banks, caught as ever between parody and poetry. Stubbornness has rarely sounded so transporting.

SERJ TANKIAN
IMPERFECT HARMONIES

SERJ TANKIAN
Imperfect Harmonies
Reprise
★★

System of a Down vocalist Serj Tankian has outdone himself: On “Disowned Inc.,” from his second solo album, he hijacks an entire orchestra and, like a hesher on a *righteous* high, uses it to re-create the shuddering crunch of a heavy-metal band. Too bad the rest isn’t nearly as interesting: “Reconstructive Demonstrations” devolves into falsetto-spiked pop-opera, and the overall use of strings reveals an unpleasant nasal tone in Tankian’s versatile voice. Yet there’s no questioning the lovely “Yes, It’s Genocide,” sung in Armenian. Sometimes subtlety is the surest way to be heard.

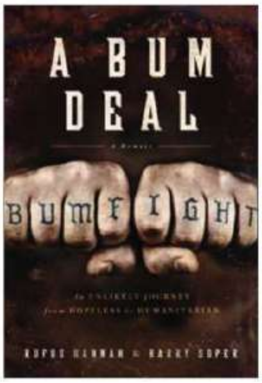
BY RACHEL KRAMER BUSSEL

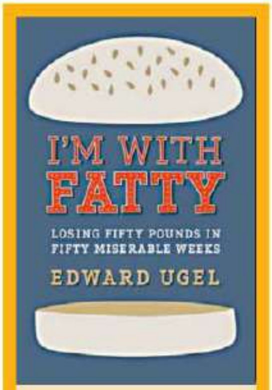
Recovery

A new memoir charts the amazing rebirth of one of the stars of the notorious *Bumfights* videos.

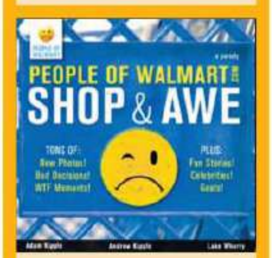
A Bum Deal: An Unlikely Journey From Hopeless to Humanitarian
By Rufus Hannah and Barry Soper
Sourcebooks

Hannah became internationally known in 2002 as one of the "stars" of the *Bumfights* video series. The morally dubious productions showed Hannah, a homeless alcoholic at the time, beating up his destitute peers for booze money. His memoir offers a welcome counterpunch to the odious clips. Hannah's out-of-control drinking caused him to tear through two marriages, and ultimately spat him out on the streets. He and his best friend, Donnie Brennan, were cajoled by *Bumfights* creators Ryan McPherson, Zachary Bubeck, Daniel J. Tanner, and Michael Slyman into appearing in the videos, which showed them hurting and humiliating themselves on camera. But here, Hannah, a father of five, details the miraculously positive second act of the sordid tale: He's in recovery, works as a property manager, and has become a speaker and advocate for the homeless. Hannah never begs for pity in his memoir, and earns the reader's respect for climbing out of the filth.





Ugel got a wake-up call on the subject of his weight (263 pounds) after his wife taped him snoring one night. The sound was deafening; he suffered from sleep apnea, and his doctor told him he needed to drop 50 pounds. The ensuing quest ("akin to turning around a cruise ship," he writes) is the subject of this intimate, humorous account from Weinstein Books. Ugel stares down his "inner demons" while acquiring a trainer, a nutritionist, and working out daily in his struggle to "draw the line between being a lifelong foodie and a food addict."


PEOPLE OF WALMART.com
SHOP & AWE
TONS OF: New Photos! Bad Decisions! WTF Moments!
PLUS: Fun Stories! Celebrities! Goats!

This gallery of wing nuts, lost souls, yahoos, and the morbidly obese is, incredibly, sanctioned by the titular chain of discount department stores. "Shop & Awe" is right: Highlights range from plumber's butt to no pants, from Tweety Bird tattoos to T-shirts announcing CERTIFIED MUFF-DIVING INSTRUCTOR or I'M HERE ABOUT THE BLOW JOB. These images of Walmart shoppers, culled from the popular website of the same name and published by Sourcebooks, provide photographic evidence of much that might not otherwise be believed.

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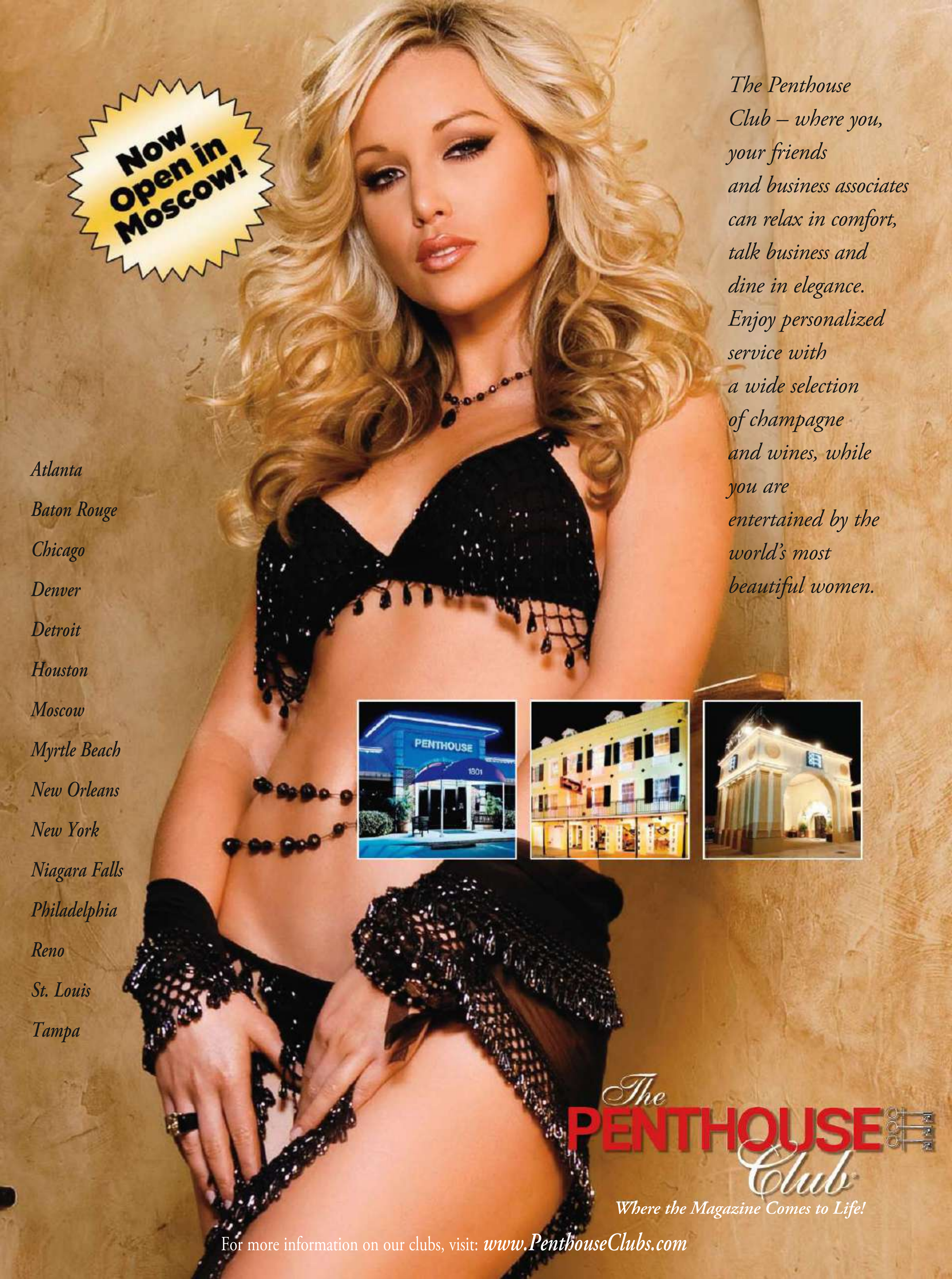

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DUTCH TREAT

The Spyker Aileron is over-the-top, visually stunning, and guaranteed to turn heads.

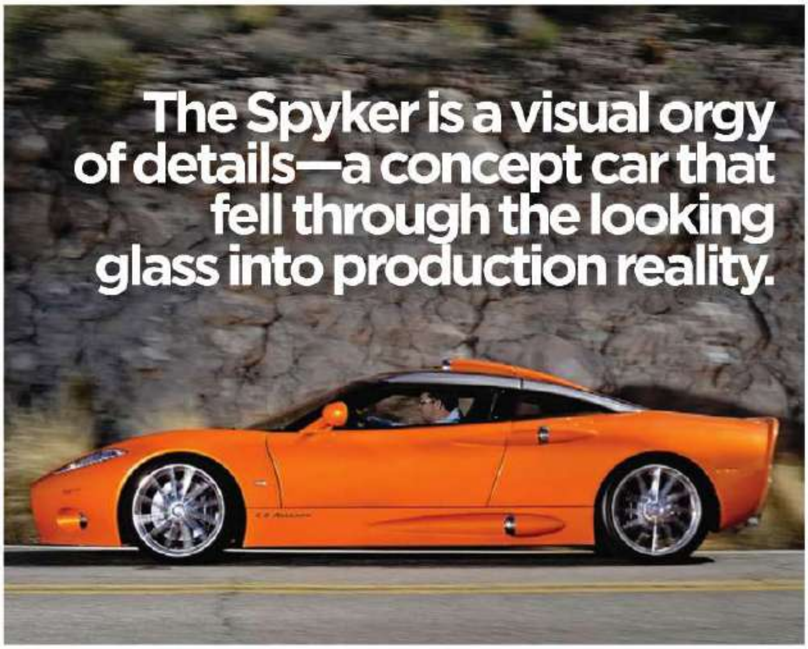
By Nick Hall

The Spyker Aileron belongs in Monaco, Dubai, and Beverly Hills, so invading the eight-mile Sun Home trailer park in Scottsdale, Arizona, is about as politically correct as running through the streets of Calcutta flashing a Rolex and wads of cash. This Dutch supercar isn't just worth more than one hypothetical house; it's worth more than every home here.

And yet the car doesn't breed contempt, or even envy. People ask about the power, provenance, and price with genuine enthusiasm. That's the magic of the Spyker. It's a visual orgy of details, like a kid's drawing of a supercar made real—a concept car that fell through the looking glass into production reality. It's so utterly over-the-top that everybody loves it.

At its core is a conventional supercar shape, but this ride is all about the bling: from the polished stainless-steel splitter at the front and that medallion logo to the turbine-style wheels and jet engine–style intakes on the side and roof, to the deliciously ornate rear with the company motto ("For the tenacious, no road is impassable") engraved in Latin on the exit pipes.

And if the outside of the car messes with your head, you ain't seen nothing yet. The dash is coated in tortoiseshell aluminum that catches the light, and as my seared retinas acclimate to the savage assault, I'm confronted with



The Spyker is a visual orgy of details—a concept car that fell through the looking glass into production reality.

fifties-style science fiction. The toggle switches cost $50 each, compared to the $1 parts-bin specials that populate most car cabins, and virtually every component is lavishly dressed in aluminum, Alcantara (a mixture of polyester and polyurethane), or leather. Clever fighter-jet touches abound, including a red-covered starter switch and exposed gear linkage.

Fire it up and there's a 400 brake horsepower, Audi-sourced, 4.2-liter V-8 under the hood that propels it to 60 mph in 4.5 seconds and on to 187 mph. That's not earth-shattering, but it's still a rolling work of art. That's how the Spyker sets itself apart from the undoubtedly faster Italian opposition. Spyker reasons that this is an "and car," not an "or car," meaning anybody with the disposable funds to buy one will already have a Lamborghini or Ferrari in the garage, so this grand-touring art gallery has to bring something different to the table.

Spyker has produced an aggressive car with massive mechanical grips at the rear (thanks to 19-inch wheels wrapped in 235/35 and 295/30 Michelin Pilot Sports), without the traditional sports-car safety net of understeer, so the car turns like a finely honed razor. But, in the event you miscalculate, the AP Racing steel brakes do a masterful job of hauling off speed, which is good, since there's no traction control.

The Lotus-tuned suspension is magical, with virtually the same set-up as the all-conquering Evora. It soaks up the expansion joints on the Scottsdale freeway without the slightest fidget of the wheel, and I soon settle into a gentle cruise while camera-phone-wielding truckers veer dangerously toward the $215,000 steed, about as threatening as doped bunny rabbits .

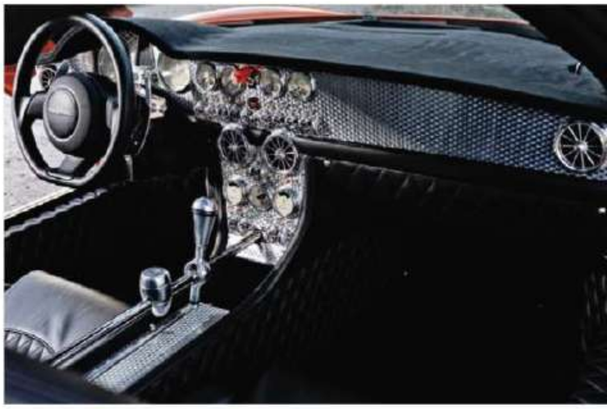
The back roads are a different story. I peel off the interstate and onto the Apache Trail, where the road carves into the sun-parched mountains and turns into an American Nürburgring, with sweeping fast bends leading right into 20-mph hairpins populated by slow-moving SUVs. There's no safety net here, a fact at odds with the relaxed nature of the car. That's a brave call, but part of the original mission statement—unlike the gearbox.

The company is working on a manual gearbox, which will sharpen the edges and create a sporting masterpiece. Until then, the Aileron feels a little too slow to react for a flat-out assault on a mountain road. Even in Sport mode, it doesn't quite cut it, as the changes are too laconic and there's a moment's lapse between expectation and execution.

But if you judge the Spyker Aileron with a stopwatch, you simply have no soul. This is a kid's dream made real, a fantasy supercar with a style all its own and the charisma to impress denizens of the trailer park, the suburbs, and the ritziest neighborhood you can find.

SPECIFICATIONS	
Body style	Two-door coupe
Engine	4.2-liter V-8
Power	400 horsepower
Torque	354 foot-pounds
Transmission	Six-speed, ZF automatic, paddle shift
Front tires	235/35 ZR19
Rear tires	295/30 ZR19
Curb weight	3,142 pounds

PERFORMANCE	
0–60	4.5 seconds
Top speed	186 mph
Fuel capacity	15 gallons
Fuel economy	13 city/18 highway
Price (as tested)	$214,990



MUSCLE YOU CAN HANDLE

Aprilia's world-challenging superbike lets you rein in the mayhem, or completely unleash it.

By Bill Heald

Find just about any Italian sport motorcycle parked at a popular watering hole, and I promise you somebody somewhere is racing the same model. The design DNA dictates that the street-legal versions you find in the showroom come with exemplary performance and handling, because the race bikes in series like World Superbike have to start life as the same machines we can all buy—before they get tinkered with for full-on professional competition.

Aprilia started out ages ago by entering the scooter market, but over the years has built motorcycles that have won some of the most prestigious racing titles, with 40 world championships to its credit. The company, now owned by the Piaggio Group, is currently contesting the World Superbike Championship with former 250 Grand Prix champ Max Biaggi in the saddle. And the bike he's campaigning? The Aprilia RSV4 R.

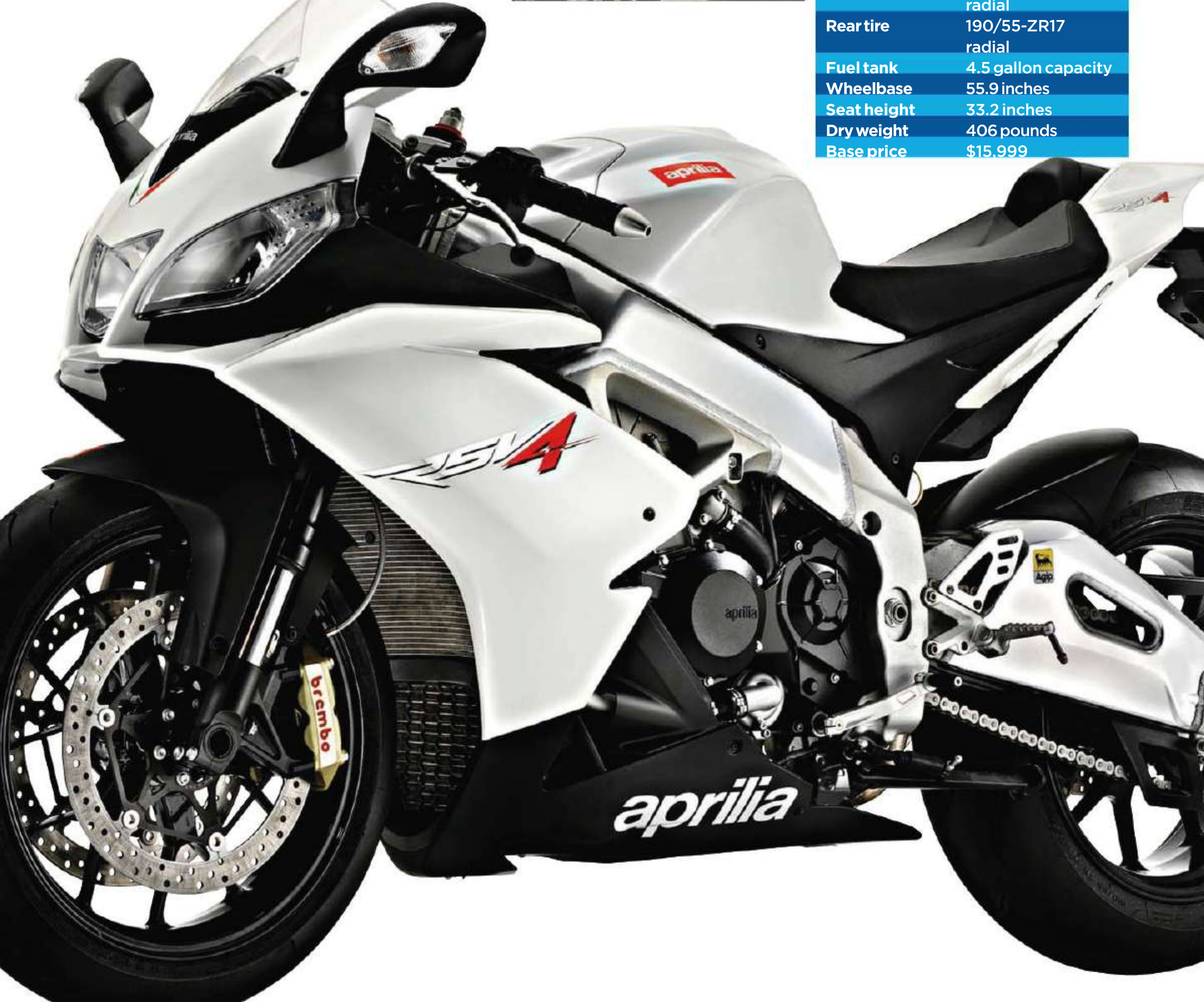
After procuring engines from the fine Austrian firm Rotax and using those V-Twins to power their superbikes, Aprilia went back to building its own mills a few years ago; the company has graced us with a narrow (65 degrees between the cylinder banks) V-4 that pumps out a tire-torturing 180 horsepower. This power plant is equipped with three electronic "mapping" options that alter engine response, so it's as high-tech as it is strong. If you pick the Road setting, power is reduced to 140 horsepower to tame the beast a bit, especially in the rain. Sport gives you full power, but limits torque in the first three of the RSV4's six gears to help keep the bike from wheeling too easily under power. Track releases all the power and fury and, as Aprilia puts it, is "recommended for expert riders in ideal track and weather conditions."

There is some hulkish spunk in this engine, but it comes on in a linear fashion and is surprisingly tractable, if you don't get ham-fisted with the throttle. There's no traction control, but a fairly long wheelbase along with premium (and fully adjustable) suspension components help you master the thrust and keep from spinning the big 190-series rear radial unpredictably at corner exits. This is, of course, provided you have some experience with wicked-strong motorcycles. Oh, and the exhaust music that comes out of this V-4 is stunning in both volume and character, and sings with a bravado found nowhere else on the market.

Another thing that makes Aprilias such desirable motorcycles and complements the awesome performance is the sensuous build quality crafted into the creations (especially on this flagship superbike). Just the sight of the perfect welds on the RSV4's aluminum dual-spar frame is enough to bring tears to your eyes. Not surprisingly, the same thing happens when you light it up on a snaky stretch of perfect blacktop. Such substantial yet manageable power is rare on two wheels, and a bargain at $15,999.

Without control, 180 horsepower on two wheels is useless, but adjustable engine mapping and a brilliant chassis make the RSV4 both polished and potent.

SPECIFICATIONS	
Engine type	Liquid-cooled, 65-degree V-4
Bore x stroke	78 mm x 52.3 mm
Displacement	999.6 cc
Fuel system	Weber-Marelli fuel injection
Ignition	Magneti Marelli digital electronic
Transmission	Six speed
Front suspension	43-mm inverted telescopic forks, fully adjustable
Rear suspension	Single shock, fully adjustable
Front brakes	Dual 320-mm discs
Rear brake	Single 220-mm disc
Front tire	120/70-ZR17 radial
Rear tire	190/55-ZR17 radial
Fuel tank	4.5 gallon capacity
Wheelbase	55.9 inches
Seat height	33.2 inches
Dry weight	406 pounds
Base price	$15,999



Tricked-Out Treats

This bewitching gear is sweeter than a bucket of Halloween candy.

By Crispin Boyer

Chalkboard Globe

Michele Varian • $450

Reclaim your favorite countries for king and cubicle with this 30-inch-tall chalkboard globe that turns the world into a blank slate. Only the continents' outlines are painted on; everything else is yours to conquer. Rename countries, redraw borders, or turn suggestive geography into hairy-testicled pornography. (C'mon, Florida has it coming!) And if you ever get tired of playing dirty-doodle conquistador, draw in bona fide borders and update them as geopolitical boundaries shift, making this the only globe that never goes out-of-date.

Streak

Dell • $500

This will claw at the itches Apple's iPad doesn't scratch. It's an oversized Android-based smartphone with a five-inch multitouch screen for 3G or Wi-Fi web browsing, social networking, media viewing, turn-by-turn navigating via Google Maps, or working on-the-go with a suite of office-productivity software. Unlike the iPad, it has a five-megapixel camera for teleconferencing and will support Flash-based sites after a software update later this year. Plus, the slim profile means you can cram it into your back pocket. The two gigs of internal memory is expandable to 32, which means it can store thousands of songs or more than 40 movies. Of course, it's compatible with all the apps in the Android Market. It's available unlocked from Dell.com or for less with a commitment to a monthly service plan.

06-04-2010 4:58PM
YouTube
Music
Video
Camera
Last.fm
Pandora
Google

Roc Nation Aviator

Skullcandy • $150

We're not sure what inspired the high-flying industrial design of these high-end headphones. (What's next? Chesley "Sully" Sullenberger earbuds?) We just know we like the wild-blue-yonder looks and Jay-Z-approved sound. No, really: The Aviator is the love child of headphone maker Skullcandy and Roc Nation, Jay-Z's music label. Its audio drivers deliver studio fidelity, while the memory-foam earcups make for a comfy fit. A microphone built into the cable ensures full iPhone functionality, too. Slip these on during your next cross-country flight and you might just look so cool that you end up in the Mile-High Club.

Evoke Flow Internet Radio

Pure • $229

Your typical internet radio is about as sexy as a router from 1999, with an interface to match. But now British electronics maker Pure is changing the form and function of these devices with a line of stylish Wi-Fi-connected radios. They range from a small bedside-alarm unit to a touch-screen version that looks as if it was ripped from the bridge of the *U.S.S. Enterprise*. The Evoke Flow is the mid-level model, featuring a straightforward knob interface that makes it easy to surf thousands of internet radio stations from around the world.

PURE
EVOKE
EVOKE
flow

Octane 120 Beer Arcade

Dream Arcades • $6,995

Men have needs, and this satisfies 80 percent of them. It's a sit-down arcade machine that dispenses beer from two taps—one above the dash-mounted cup holder so you can pour while playing. And while Dream Arcades offers more affordable home-gaming setups, this one truly is deluxe. It projects more than 200 classic arcade and driving games onto a ten-foot screen, complete with 5.1 surround sound and force-feedback steering via the leather-wrapped wheel. Clutch, gas, and brake pedals round out the authentic arcade experience. The unit's "trunk" accommodates two five-gallon kegs or one half-barrel keg—plenty of fuel for long virtual road trips.

TV Poltergeist

ThinkGeek.com • $13

It's the ultimate anti-gift, just in time for Halloween trickery: a tiny universal remote that randomly switches off any TV in range every 5 to 20 minutes. Cram it into some cranny of a friend's or foe's media room, then watch him tear his hair out for a month as his set goes bonkers. The unit's disposable price and compatibility with a wide range of televisions means you can leave a trail of misbehaving boob tubes in every office lounge, video store, school room, or electronics store that ever did you wrong.

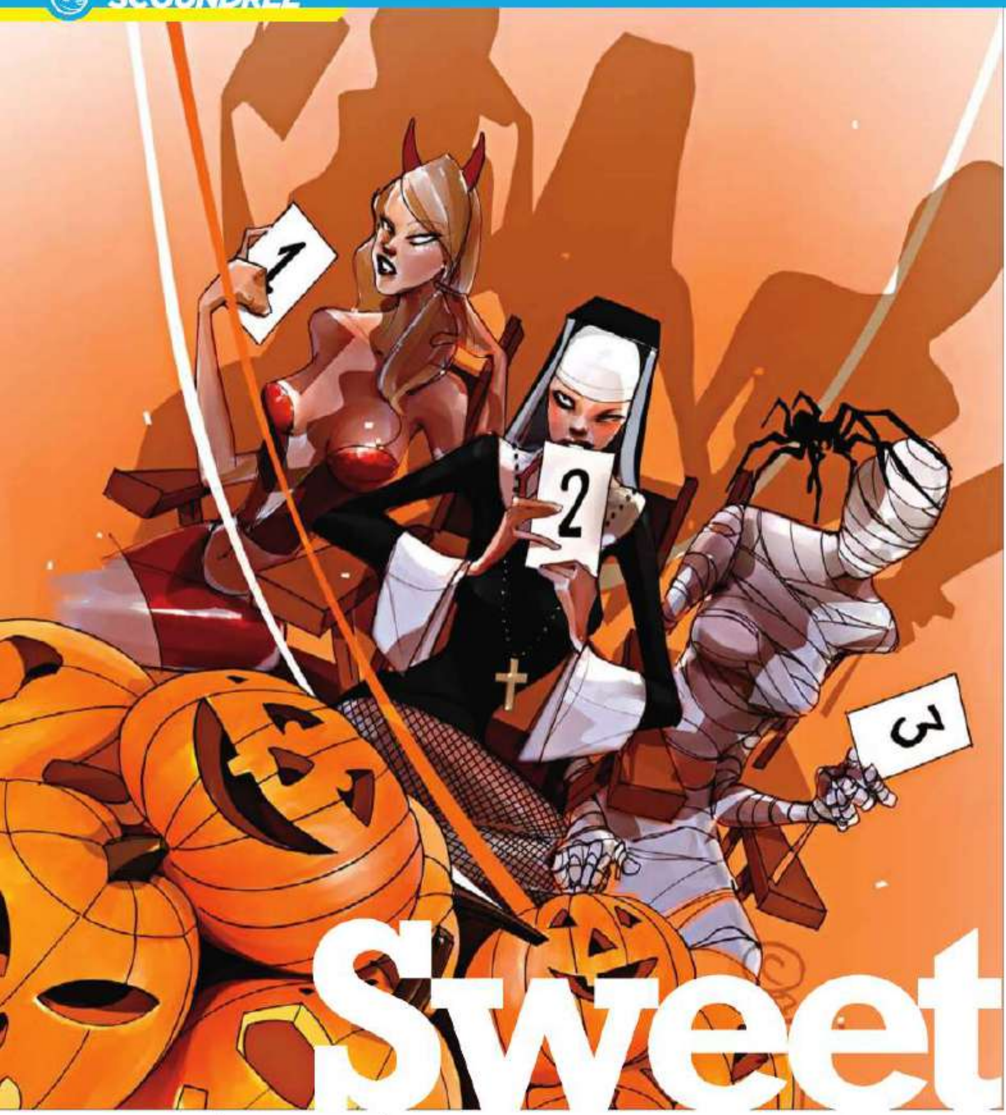
TV
POLTERGEIST

The AR. Drone's camera broadcasts real-time video, giving you a literal bird's-eye view.

AR. Drone

ARDrone.Parrot.com • Starting at $299

The spec sheet for this iPhone-controlled "quadricopter" reads like classified Air Force schematics. It has an onboard flight computer, a terrain-scanning camera, and an ultrasound altimeter that work in concert to stabilize flight in windy environments and handle takeoffs and landings automatically. You control the drone simply by tilting your iPhone or iPod Touch in the direction you want it to soar (it reaches the sub-sub-subsonic airspeed of five miles per hour). But the coolest feature is the front-mounted camera that broadcasts real-time video to your touch screen, giving you a literal bird's-eye view. Several included "augmented reality" games turn the real world into a first-person shooter, letting you demolish the neighborhood with virtual missiles or dogfight other Drone aces on your block. Just don't fly too far into enemy territory; the battery lasts only 15 minutes.



Sweet Treats

Halloween gives repressed girls the perfect excuse to dress like sluts, but our twenty-first-century rogue tells you how to pick up a woman who isn't just playing a part.

Illustration by Celia Calle

Dear Scoundrel,
My buddy has a huge Halloween party every year, and there are usually decent opportunities for hookups. Are there any guidelines about what a sexy costume says about the chick wearing it? Is Catwoman likely to get animalistic? Is a girl in slutty Leatherface gear the type to get down and dirty? Are the odds of getting to Wonderland better with a cute Alice or a barely dressed one? I could give you 100 more examples, but I'm sure you get the idea.

First off, don't waste your time dogging sexy kittens (or sexy nurses, sexy librarians, or any of the rest of it). Every dick in a box will be springing for them. And while a chick dressed as Posh Spice, complete with BEND ME LIKE BECKHAM scrawled across her tits, may look like she has slut potential, keep in mind that Halloween is when women dress up as something they're *not*. You're more likely to stick it in the buns of the girl dressed as Princess Leia—and yes, I'm talking about her hair.

The quick rule of thumb: A girl in a frock is a good fuck. This is the only time of year when a chick in hijab will offer you a handjob, or Mother Teresa will call you "Papi." That said, avoid girls in superelaborate costumes. If she hand-stitched a Marie Antoinette outfit that took an hour to get into or that will get ruined if you go down on her, she'll probably tell you to eat cake instead.

You also should avoid chicks who are dressed as men. Sure, doing it doggie-style with "Dog the Bounty Hunter" would make for a hilarious story, and it would be awesome to rip off a Hulk Hogan costume that's covering knockers as big as Brooke's. But when your drunk ass wakes up with no memory of the previous night except sucking face with a dude in a mullet, you'll be traumatized for life.

At the end of the day, all of this is moot. Just hook up with the girl you would most want to screw no matter what she's wearing, or the girl whose costume you most want to rip off—like if you're an avid traveler who's always wanted to do a full-body cavity search on a TSA agent.

One last caveat: Girls are also subconsciously hooking up with the costume, not the guy—which is why you should go as one of those pussies from the *Twilight* movies. Dressing as an emo vampire might make it easier to find a girl who'll say, "I vant to suck your dick."

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GREAT DIVIDE BREWING CO
ALLAGASH
ODYSSEY
Ale Aged in Oak Barrels

ROLL OUT THE BARRELS

Whether you prefer a tempting blonde, a refreshing redhead, or a dark brunette, you really can't go wrong with a sexy, barrel-aged brew. Trust us. Wood is good.

By Betsy Andrews

Looking for a classy date drink? Try beer. The commercial brewskis you chugged in college won't impress, but nowadays there are all sorts of sophisticated suds that will. Some of today's sexiest brews are barrel-aged, like bourbon, cognac, or wine. Instead of going straight to the bottle from stainless-steel tanks, these beers sit in oak casks for weeks, months, or even years, where they pick up flavors that, if not entirely predictable, are strange and wonderful—not unlike what you'd want from your date.

Once upon a time, all beer was fermented and stored in wood, but since the age of industrialization, durable, sterile stainless steel has been the brewers' material of choice. Beer makers striving for consistency were able to keep unwanted microorganisms out of the tanks, and didn't have to worry about the metal affecting the beer's flavor. But uniformity and neutrality are exactly what today's makers of barrel-aged beers are brewing against; they'd rather each batch bring new adventures. In the process, these brewers are discovering that the yeasts and bacteria that thrive in oak can usher in some deliciously funky and sour flavors, resulting in beer that is particularly suited to pairing with food. And the wood itself enhances the beer's taste: New oak imparts a tannic dryness—the same quality you get from big, mouth-tingling red wines; barrels once used to store chardonnay or cabernet add winelike dimension; and the ones that held bourbon? Those give dark beers a sweet, boozy depth. But be forewarned: The barrels and the space and time required to store them don't come cheaply to brewers, so a 750-milliliter, cork-sealed bottle can set you back a couple of Hamiltons.

■ BLONDES

Let's face it, guys: Not all girls enjoy the bitter punch in the kisser that hops deliver. Some of us want a little something nice that we can pucker up for; like Eve with her apple, we want fruit and acid. If that's the case, then **Russian River Brewing Company's Temptation** is your kind of beer. It's aged in French oak chardonnay barrels, and the added help of some mischievous little buggers (the yeast Brettanomyces and the bacteria lactobacillus and pediococcus) means this wild and luminous blonde goes down lemony, bready, and darned near briny. Goes great with rich goat cheese. **Allagash Brewing Company's Curieux,** a Belgian tripel (triple the malt, triple the pleasure) aged in old Jim Beam barrels, is sweeter and has more va-va-voom, but it's no dumb blonde. The bourbon-tinged oak adds weight and complexity. It's vanilla and spice all rolled into one; no surprise, it likes a messy rack of baby backs.

■ REDHEADS

Europeans never completely abandoned the barrel. Belgium's Rodenbach Brewery, for instance, has been dumping its sweet-and-tart red Flemish ales into floor-to-ceiling oak tuns in its cool, vast cellar for the past 130 years. The ciderlike **Rodenbach Grand Cru,** which is aged for 18 to 24 months, is pit-fruit-flavored and *mucho suave*. It's a rip-your-sweaty-shirt-off-after-work beer that's acidic and refreshing. The easy and creamy **Jolly Pumpkin's La Roja** is a tarted-up honey that's unfiltered, aged in oak for two to ten months, then refermented in the bottle for a musty, fruity, down-to-earth appeal. It's good with everything from pizza to hot cherry pie.

■ BRUNETTES

Great Divide Brewing Company's Oak Aged Yeti is an imperial stout with a hopped-up character that gets all chilled out after some time in the woods. It's aged with unused oak chips, so it's roasty and toasty, but without the funk or boozy hit of old bourbon casks. It tastes clean, dark, and fruity, like a cold-brewed iced coffee—just the stuff to wash down chocolate cake. A portion of **Allagash's Odyssey** is aged in new oak barrels. This tricked-up treat of dark wheat beer is like an adults-only caramel apple rolled in nuts. It'll stand up to the richness of a thick filet mignon.

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naughty poli

When the new Bulgarian edition of *Penthouse* launched in March, the editors chose the adorably sexy 34-24-35 Polina Shalamanova, a 20-year-old student from Sofia, to be their premier Pet of the Month. They paired her photographs with a brief story of a scholar putting aside her books while she teased her audience with a private show. She certainly tantalized us, and we're pleased to introduce this sultry sex kitten to the rest of the world.

Photographs by Jordan Petkov

WE'RE LOOKING FOR THE HOTTEST GIRLS IN AMERICA.
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SEE MORE OF POLINA AT PENTHOUSE.COM.

PREDICTING THE UNPREDICTABLE

There may be no sport harder to forecast than pro football, but we're not going to let that stop us from trying. Here are ten bold prognostications for the 2010–11 NFL season.

Remember Paul the octopus from last summer's World Cup? He correctly "predicted" the outcomes of eight straight games by choosing between two boxes of food in his tank, each draped with a flag of a team. When it comes to the National Football League in the age of free agency and salary caps, this method of prognostication is as good as—no, better than—any. Since 2001, the NFL playoffs have had a higher turnover rate than a fast-food joint. There hasn't been a repeat Super Bowl champion since the 2004 season, and since then we've seen a defending champion fail to qualify for the playoffs the following season (Pittsburgh, 2006), a 9-7 team make it to the big game (Arizona, 2008), and a 10-6 team win it all by knocking off a previously undefeated juggernaut (New York Giants, 2007). But screw it. We're going out on a limb anyway with these brash calls.

1 **REX GROSSMAN**—not the other new Washington quarterback, Donovan McNabb—will lead the

By Peter Schrager

Joe Flacco

Jay Cutler

Dallas Cowboys quarterback Tony Romo

Redskins to a better record than the Philadelphia Eagles, McNabb's former team.

2 **JAY CUTLER** will flourish under new offensive coordinator Mike Martz's tutelage and lead the Chicago Bears back to the playoffs for the first time since the 2006 season.

3 San Diego running back **RYAN MATHEWS**—a stud worthy of a Top 5 pick in your fantasy league—will lead all rookies in carries, yards, and touchdowns. And the Chargers will win their sixth AFC West division title in seven years.

4 The Colts will win the AFC South, and their little-known safety, **ANTOINE BETHEA**—not 2007 NFL Defensive Player of the Year Bob Sanders—will receive First-Team All-Pro honors at his position.

5 **THE GIANTS' DEFENSE** will bounce back from finishing 30th in the league in total defense in 2009 and end the year as a Top 5 defensive unit. Lineman Chris Canty, end Justin Tuck, and safety Antrel Rolle will all be named starters on the NFC Pro Bowl team.

6 With linebacker Karlos Dansby relocated to Miami, receiver Anquan Boldin in Baltimore, Rolle gone to New York, and quarterback Kurt Warner retired, **THE CARDINALS** will struggle, opening the door for coach Mike Singletary's San Francisco 49ers to win the NFC West.

7 Third-year quarterback **JOE FLACCO** will lead the Ravens to the AFC North division title, and earn his first trip to the Pro Bowl.

8 **THE JETS** will stumble in Year 2 of the Rex Ryan era, missing the playoffs altogether despite preseason Super Bowl aspirations.

9 **THE HOUSTON TEXANS** will (finally) put it all together and make the first playoff appearance in franchise history.

10 **THE DALLAS COWBOYS** will become the first team in NFL history to host a Super Bowl. They'll beat the Minnesota Vikings in the NFC title game to get there but, alas, will lose Super Bowl XLV to Ray Lewis, Flacco, and the Baltimore Ravens.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (CLOCKWISE FROM LEFT) G. NEWMAN LOWRANCE/GETTY IMAGES, J. MERIC/GETTY IMAGES, TODD KIRKLAND/ICON SMI, RICH KANE/ICON SMI

2010 Penthouse Picks

AFC Playoff Teams
- New England Patriots
- Baltimore Ravens
- Indianapolis Colts
- San Diego Chargers
- Wild Card #1: Pittsburgh
- Wild Card #2: Houston

NFC Playoff Teams
- Dallas Cowboys
- Minnesota Vikings
- New Orleans Saints
- San Francisco 49ers
- Wild Card #1: Green Bay
- Wild Card #2: Chicago

AFC Championship Game
Baltimore defeats Indianapolis

NFC Championship Game
Dallas defeats Minnesota

Super Bowl XLV
Baltimore Ravens 23
Dallas Cowboys 17

Koa Misi

Sergio Kindle

Montario Hardesty

Taylor Mays

Aaron Hernandez

THE REAL ROOKIES TO WATCH

Quarterbacks Sam Bradford and Tim Tebow might get the most media attention this fall, but which five rookies will make the most immediate impact in 2010? These guys.

■ **KOA MISI, LB, Miami Dolphins, picked 40th overall:** Jason Taylor and his 127.5 career sacks are now in New York with the Jets. Joey Porter and his nonstop motor (and mouth) have shipped out to Arizona. That leaves Mr. Misi as the pass-rushing outside linebacker in the Dolphins' defense, and the former Utah star is up to it.

■ **SERGIO KINDLE, OLB, Baltimore Ravens, 43rd overall:** A first-team All-American and three-time All–Big 12 selection at Texas, Kindle inexplicably slipped to the Ravens in the second round of April's draft. He will flourish in their already-loaded defense.

■ **MONTARIO HARDESTY, RB, Cleveland Browns, 59th overall:** Though he was never a Heisman candidate or an ESPN favorite while at Tennessee, Hardesty has all the tools to become a great pro running back. Expect him to get plenty of carries.

■ **TAYLOR MAYS, S, San Francisco 49ers, 49th overall:** The one-time Top 10 prospect out of USC slipped all the way to the middle of the second round of the draft—and he was not happy about it. He'll play with a chip on his shoulder every time he steps on the field. Watch out.

■ **AARON HERNANDEZ, TE, New England Patriots, 113th overall:** A Connecticut native who rooted for Tom Brady as a kid, Hernandez brings versatility and great pass-catching ability to the TE spot of the New England offense. He will lead the team's tight ends in receptions.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (FROM LEFT TO RIGHT) RIC TAPIA/ICON SMI, BRIAN BAHR/GETTY IMAGES, TODD KIRKLAND/ICON SMI, JOE ROBBINS/GETTY IMAGES, AL MESSERSCHMIDT/GETTY IMAGES, TONY MEDINA/SMI

Rebuilding Efforts

Can long-suffering fans in Detroit and Oakland feel—*gasp!*—optimistic about this season?

The Detroit Lions and Oakland Raiders combined for a pitiful seven wins last year. The Raiders have lost 11 or more games for seven straight seasons, while the Lions have just one playoff victory in the past 53 years, and haven't even played in a postseason game since 1999.

Yes, it's been a dark decade or so in Motown and Oaktown, but there were signs of actual hope leading up to the 2010–11 season. No, really! Both teams made drastic personnel changes and took steps in the right direction.

The Lions struck gold in the draft, nabbing two sure-fire rookie starters in defensive tackle Ndamukong Suh and running back Jahvid Best, and made savvy free-agent signings in defensive end Kyle Vanden Bosch and receiver Nate Burleson.

The Raiders upgraded at quarterback, releasing draft bust JaMarcus Russell and trading for Jason Campbell. They also selected Rolando McClain, a former Alabama middle linebacker with incredible abilities, in the draft. Big things are expected out of second-year wideouts Louis Murphy and Darrius Heyward-Bey as well. Hue Jackson, Oakland's new offensive coordinator, should see that the offense improves dramatically.

For the first time in a long time, there's genuine optimism in both cities. Things might not be all rainbows and puppies come October, but for now, fans are excited.

HOT SEAT

Here are three head coaches and two quarterbacks whose jobs are on the line this season.

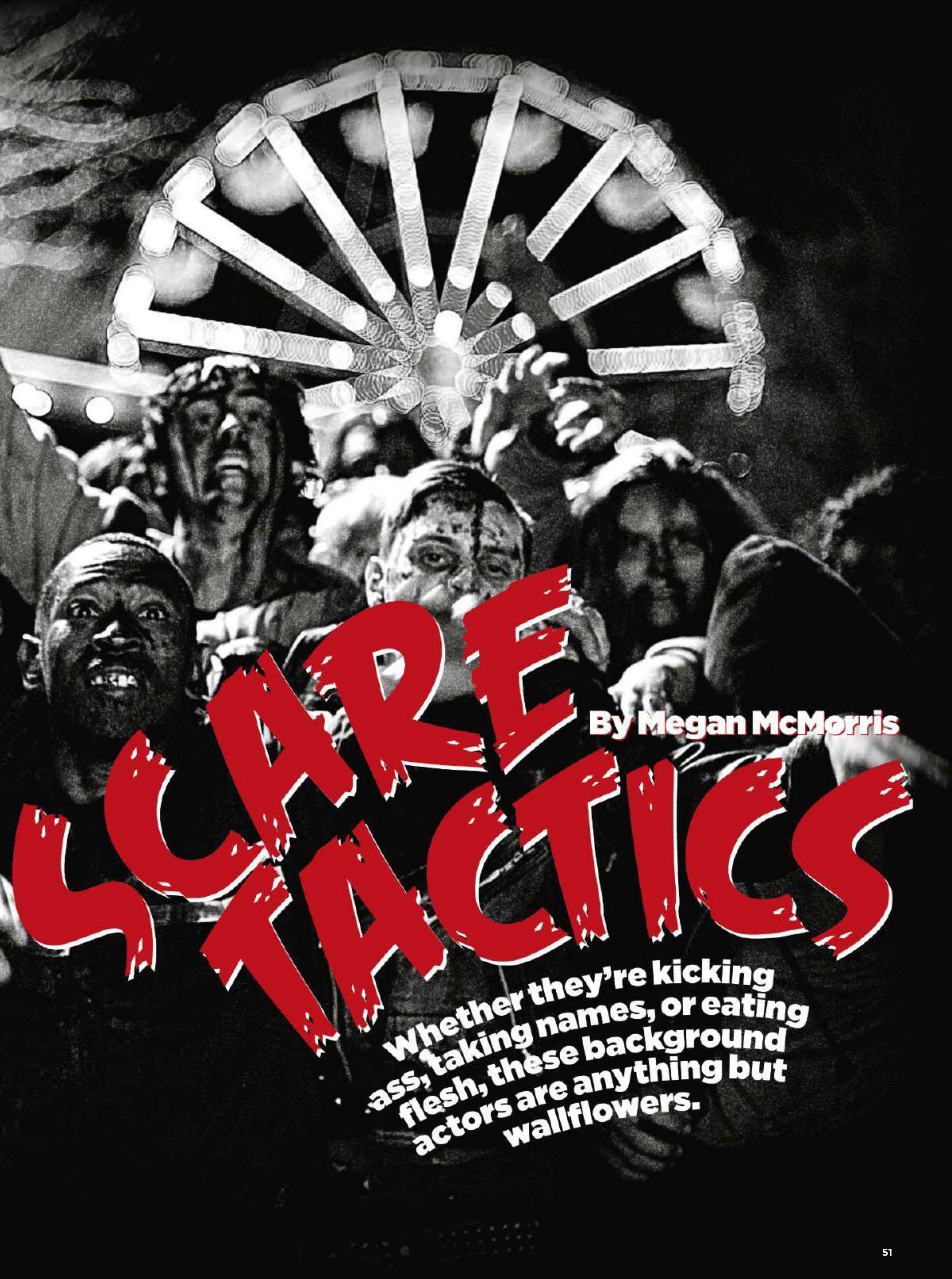
■ **LOVIE SMITH, Coach, Chicago:** The Bears spent big money on defensive end Julius Peppers, running back Chester Taylor, and offensive coordinator Mike Martz during the off-season. Chicago owners will want immediate returns on their investments. Anything short of a postseason berth could mean Smith's job.

■ **JOHN FOX, Coach, Carolina:** It seems as though Fox has been on the hot seat since he took the Panthers' head coaching job in 2002. Yet he's still there, eight years later. But the Panthers have question marks all over the field this year, including at quarterback. Former Steelers coach Bill Cowher, who lives in North Carolina, could have Fox's job before long.

■ **JACK DEL RIO, Coach, Jacksonville:** Del Rio got the Jags to the playoffs in 2007, but they've suffered through two sub-.500 years since. Del Rio's forte is defense, and Jacksonville finished with the 23rd-ranked unit in the league in 2009. That won't cut it in 2010.

■ **MATT LEINART, QB, Arizona:** In Leinart's second year in Arizona, Dennis Green was his coach, he was the starting QB, and the sky was the limit. Then came a broken collarbone in '07, the beer-pong photos and inconsistent play in '08, the rejuvenation of Kurt Warner's arm in '09, and ... a seemingly permanent seat on the bench. Now, the job is Leinart's again—until Derek Anderson takes it from him.

■ **TRENT EDWARDS, QB, Buffalo:** New Bills head coach Chan Gailey is an offensive guru. If Edwards can't excel in Gailey's quarterback-friendly system, he can't succeed in any system. The former boy wonder out of Stanford will probably start on opening day for Buffalo. One of his two backups, Brian Brohm or Ryan Fitzpatrick, will probably start in Weeks 2 and 3.



SCARE TACTICS

By Megan McMorris

Whether they're kicking ass, taking names, or eating flesh, these background actors are anything but wallflowers.

CHAPMAN
DRUGS

YOU SEE THEM ALL THE TIME. Catching an episode of *CSI* or the remake of *The Crazies,* you're watching their work without even realizing it. Though you may never search for the remote to replay their scene, any TV show or movie would be incomplete without them. What are we talking about? Extras, otherwise known as background actors. While most extras roles are relegated to passively sitting around or walking through the background, horror films and TV series require a much more aggressive approach. From throwing punches and pulling guns on the set of TNT's *Leverage* to chasing, catching, and chomping on the living in *Zombieland,* these extras prove that being in the background doesn't mean taking a backseat to the action.

THERE'S A NEW ZOMBIE IN TOWN ... AND HE'S A TRACK STAR

Correct us if we're wrong, but one thing that has always stood in the way of zombies being truly terrifying is their pokey pace. Sure, the undead have a (stiff) leg up on the living because they have a shark-like way of sniffing out our blood from miles away, and they're determined little buggers when it comes to feeling a little "bitey" for flesh. But their lumbering pace means you don't need to be a football hero to outsprint them. *Yeah, Mister Undead Guy, I'm quakin' in my boots. Catch me if you can.*

Until recently, that is. Throw out your old zombie-survival books, because the rules have changed. Zombies have morphed from straight-legged and lumbering to downright speedy. "Ever since movies like *Shaun of the Dead* and *28 Days Later* came out, zombies are quicker on their feet," reports Patrick Ingram, extras casting codirector for the fleet-footed undead in 2009's *Zombieland,* starring Woody Harrelson and Jesse Eisenberg.

Topping any zombie-survival to-do list: Run for your life. "Being a zombie these days involves lots of running; it can be tiring," reports *Zombieland* background actor Shaun Lynch, whose character sprinted down a football field after a portly mortal, demonstrating numero uno of *Zombieland*'s 32 rules of escaping the new-and-improved undead: Do cardio! We asked Ingram, Lynch, and company how to zombify yourself in three easy moves.

■ LOOK LIKE ONE

The land of the undead doesn't discriminate when it comes to appearance or age. "From children to the elderly, from skater types to wrestlers to Rastafarians—even a stripper zombie!—we were looking for all types," says Ingram. The best route to zombification isn't a particular body type, but rather a decidedly disheveled appearance—no primping required. "They put all this chalky stuff on my teeth to make them look dark yellow and black, like I hadn't brushed my teeth in a long, long time," says Lynch. To achieve that unmistakable zombie pallor, the makeup department airbrushed Lynch's body with the distinct color palette of decay (think of the brown/green/gray section of the color wheel). "They wanted it to look like I'd been dead for a few days," he says. They glued latex molds on his face to make it look like chunks of skin were missing, then gently splattered fake blood on his sweat suit, and Lynch was deemed ready to feast on flesh.

■ THINK LIKE ONE

While the dialogue of the average undead only extends to a few grunts and groans, there are plenty of thoughts whirling through a zombie's

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (PREVIOUS PAGE, ABOVE LEFT, AND ABOVE RIGHT) GLEN WOLSON/COLUMBIA/COURTESY EVERETT COLLECTION

"IT'S MORE FUN IF YOU MESS WITH YOUR PREY BEFORE YOU CAPTURE HIM.... TOY WITH HIM A LITTLE BEFOREHAND."

noggin—even though "brains" and "blood" are on a repeating loop. To get into this "all blood, all the time" mind-set, Lynch had to dig into his deepest animalistic urges. "I kept imagining myself as a lion, and he was a deer," he recalls of the unlucky chubster running away from him in the hilarious football-field scene. You also need self-confidence to perfect the zombie character, says *Zombieland* extras casting codirector Janella Bersabal. "You definitely need to have high self-esteem if you're going to be a zombie," she says. "After all, you have to get used to people running away from you all the time."

■ ACT LIKE ONE

"We were looking for zombies who were quick and nimble, because they had to run a lot," says Ingram, "but we wanted some who weren't in good shape, too, because zombies come in all sizes and shapes." The biggest physical criterion to being a good modern-day zombie, says Ingram, is letting your hair down. "You can't have apprehension over going a little crazy and letting loose," he says. "We wanted twitchy, animalistic movements."

From leaping to lurching to lunging, anything goes, reports Lynch, and when it came time for his audition, he went for it. "I just made a bunch of snarly sounds, and started trying to bite the camera like a shark, and was just jumping all around," he says. "I probably looked like a goofball, because I had a buttoned-down shirt on and I was lurching all around. It was funny; when I left the audition room, everyone was staring at me, so I guess I really sounded authentic!" Once you get the nod to be an official zombie, don't bite off more than you can chew right off the bat: Have fun with it and realize that the thrill is in the chase. "It's more fun if you mess with your prey a little before you capture him," says Lynch. "I mean, you know you're going to get him anyway, but you want to toy with him a little beforehand." Summing up three top zombie tips, Lynch offers this advice: "Don't eat beforehand, don't be a vegetarian, and remember—do cardio!"

WANTED: A FEW GOOD THUGS

Lana Veenker had a problem. Casting for background actors for the third season of the hit TV show *Leverage*—starring Timothy Hutton—was about to begin, but the Portland, Oregon, casting director was at a loss. She needed more goons. Heavies. Thugs. After filling those roles for two seasons, she'd simply run out of guys who could play convincing con men. "The format of the show is such that every episode has a bad guy that Christian Kane ends up fighting," she laughs, speaking of one of the five lead actors. And after flipping through her thug Rolodex, she realized she was coming up short. "We needed guys who knew how to hold a gun, fake a punch without hurting anyone, and deliver one or two lines of dialogue in a convincing way." She decided to create the bad guys she needed in a one-day Thug Camp. She took unemployed construction workers and turned them into gun-toting, fake-punch-throwing villains. (The February event proved so popular that she plans to continue it as a regular gig.) Here, she offers three easy steps to portraying a thug:

LOOK LIKE ONE

The most obvious route to insta-thug status: beefy biceps. Think security guards, Navy SEALS, martial artists. But if you've never worn a badge, uniform, or karate belt in your life, take note—bigger isn't always better when it comes to portraying a bad guy. For every meathead pulling a gun, there's a white-collar criminal pulling fast ones in the office. "Remember, sometimes the evil sidekick is a guy in a pharmaceutical lab," says Veenker. "White collar" doesn't mean completely wimpy, though: Even a guy on the geekier end of the thug spectrum needs to know his way around a treadmill, no matter how well—or if—he fills out a muscle shirt. "You do need to be somewhat athletic, as we don't want someone to get hurt if he does a pratfall," says Veenker.

THINK LIKE ONE

After you've gotten the look down, it's time to work on your mental state as a toughie—the bridge from talking the thug talk to walking the thug walk. And to do so, you need to dig deep, advises stunt expert Jerry Buxbaum, who coordinated the Thug Camp stunts and appeared in two gun chases and fight scenes on episodes of *Leverage*. "The big joke in acting is, 'Hey, what's your motivation?' " laughs Buxbaum. "Well, in the case of thugs, your motivation is to act like a badass!" To prep for a perp walk, Buxbaum instantly gets into character by imagining someone invading his space and threatening his family. Just think about what pisses you off most in life and you're halfway there, he says.

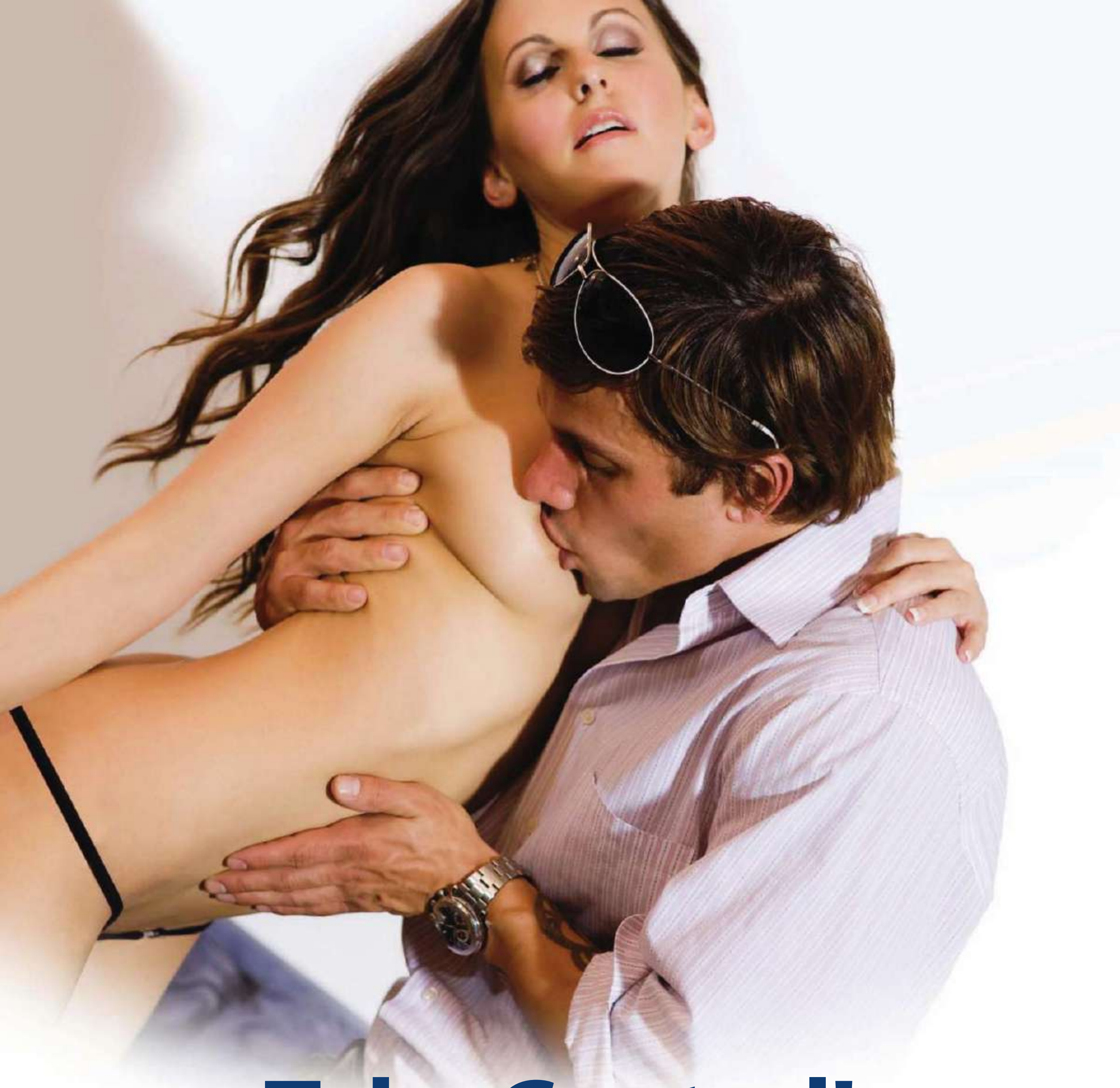
ACT LIKE ONE

To play a convincing tough guy, use the "less is more" approach. "It's all in the attitude," says Buxbaum. "As soon as you walk in the room, you have to be thinking, *Mess with me and I'll kick your butt.*" And if you can convey that without moving a muscle, you're a natural-born thug. "Think about it: The scariest guys are cold-faced, not the ones making weird faces," says Veenker. "It all comes down to confidence. You can take two guys with the exact same body type, and the one who exudes confidence just walking in the door is always going to be scarier." Same goes for dialogue. Just like Kramer in *Seinfeld* demonstrated—when he got one line in a Woody Allen movie and had to practice the many ways to say, "These pretzels are making me thirsty!"—even the silliest lines can be filled with meaning, depending on how you say them. "Your line as a thug might be something like, 'Please pass the pepper,' and that can mean so many different things depending on how you say it," says Veenker. "So you can't just say your line with your eyes glazed over, like a dead fish."

When it does come time for action, like throwing a punch, it's all in the timing, especially for the punchee. "When your fist passes his face, he needs to snap his head at just the right time for it to look real," says Buxbaum. Spitting out water or Tic Tacs at the right moment (to look like blood or teeth) can lend instant street cred to a faux right hook.

Photographs from the movie *Zombieland* and the TV show *Leverage*.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (ABOVE) ERIK HEINILA/TNT/ COURTESY EVERETT COLLECTION



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COUNTRY BOY

With his most recent album, chart-topping singer-songwriter Dierks Bentley demonstrates the value of venturing where the grass *isn't* greener.

By Alanna Nash

Hey, I don't have time for a sound check," Dierks Bentley calls out to a roadie from his touring bus, which is currently parked somewhere in Louisiana. The night before, he played for 60,000 people at the BamaJam in Alabama, and aside from talking to *Penthouse,* he insists, running a hand through his dark blond curls, he's sorely in need of a shower and a little kick-back time.

"We just did 26 shows in 30 days," says the Country Music Association's 2005 Horizon Award winner and the Academy of Country Music's 2004 Top New Artist, sounding more stoked than weary. "That's a long time to be away from home." Home is currently outside Nashville, where the 34-year-old neo-traditionalist star lives with his wife, Cassidy, and toddler Evie (rhymes with "Chevy"), who was born in late 2008.

Bentley came on the scene with a bang in 2003, when his debut album's first single, "What Was I Thinkin'," a breakneck ode to lust-gone-wrong, hit No. 1. He followed that with a pair of chart-topping singles from his second album, which also went platinum. His fifth album, the acoustic-based *Up on the Ridge,* released earlier this year, finds him in a bluegrass frame of mind. The well-received record garnered a surprise Top 30 hit with the title song, and cemented his reputation as a respected Nashville rebel who bridges a heartfelt love for roots music with kickin' commercial fare.

Back in Phoenix, Dierks (it's a family name) wore a cowboy hat and rode horses, but he arrived in Nashville hatless and favoring Harley-Davidsons as a mode of transportation. The son of a stockbroker who turned him on to music ("My dad thought country music was cool, so I thought country music was cool"), he spent his mischievous teen years looking for trouble: "Anything involving fireworks

PHOTOGRAPH BY (WOOD BACKGROUND) GREGOR SCHUSTER/GETTY

or alcohol," he says. A friend pulled strings to get the C student into Vanderbilt University (from the University of Vermont), which was really just Bentley's way of circling the Nashville music community. Once in town, he realized his tougher schooling had just begun, and the soon-to-be anti-star would forge his own path—one that's come full circle with *Up on the Ridge.*

What do you think *Up on the Ridge* says about you that the previous albums did not?
Hopefully it says that I put creativity and music first, and worry about the business end second, because it's definitely a different type of record for the commercial-country world that I live in. But from day one, all the albums I've made have had a bluegrass track at the end. I've always wanted to make a record like this, and once I made a decision to ask my good buddy Jon Randall to produce it, I realized we'd be breaking the traditional bluegrass rules—adding some drums and electric bass—and cutting a Kris Kristofferson song, a Bob Dylan tune, and a U2 song. And when I wrote [the title track] "Up on the Ridge" with Angelo [Petraglia], I had a revelation. I said, "Stop worrying about classifying the music as this or that. Bluegrass *is* country."

Take the *Penthouse* readers through the first time you went to the Station Inn, Nashville's hole-in-the-wall bluegrass mecca.
There have been a couple of times in my life when I've had an "ah-ha" moment. At 17, a buddy of mine said, "You've got to hear this." He played me a song called "Man to Man," by Hank Williams Jr., and that was it. I can't describe the feeling. Everything inside me was like, "This is what I've been looking for," and two years later I moved to Nashville. The second moment like that was when I walked into the Station Inn at 19 years old with a fake ID. There were a lot of people in Nashville dressing like Garth Brooks, wearing big belt buckles and starched jeans and shirts, and I was disillusioned by the whole star-making process, so I was a little lost. Then somebody said, "You should go to this place called the Station Inn. Five bucks on a Tuesday night. There's a band called the Sidemen. They play bluegrass. You should check it out." I still clearly remember walking in the door. All the guys onstage were my age, and they were wearing street clothes—baggy blue jeans, instead of the tight, creased Wranglers. And the power of those five instruments—banjo, mandolin, fiddle, upright bass, and acoustic guitar—mixed with three-part harmony singing was the coolest thing. They were doing, "Why Baby Why," a big hit for George Jones in 1955, and "If We Make It Through December" by Merle Haggard—songs I knew. But they were also doing songs by Flatt & Scruggs, and by Bill Monroe, the father of bluegrass music. I was like, "I gotta figure this stuff out," and I just dived into that community. If I hadn't found the Station Inn, there's no doubt in my mind that I never would have had the career that I have.

You've been to down-home pickin' parties where they pass the moonshine around. What's it like?

From the very first sip, I can feel it in my toes. It just goes all through your body like a bolt of electricity. I don't care how many peaches or apples you put in there. It goes straight down to the bottom of your feet and perks you up pretty quick.

What was the biggest lesson you've learned as a songwriter, and who taught it to you?
I was pouring coffee and answering phones at a place called Famous Music on Music Row. One Friday, a buddy of mine named Brett Jones, who had a lot of hits with Tracy Lawrence, was one of the songwriters there. He said, "Hey, Dierks, you're a songwriter, right? C'mon upstairs. It's Friday. We always grab guitars and a good drink and come up here and pass around songs we've written during the week." I had this one song memorized, and my friends and family all thought it was great, and I sang it for the guys. And Brett was like, "Man, I never really got the hook in it." And somebody else said, "It took a really long time to get to the chorus." I was like, "Wow!" That was my first real, honest criticism. Brett said, "Man, you need to write about 500 songs and just put 'em in a drawer somewhere. And when you do that, I want to write with you." I went, "Five *hundred* songs?" You know, I'd written, like, 12. I thought at first he was being a jerk, but that's the best advice I'd ever been given. It really slapped me in the face and showed me how far I had to go.

What do you think your image is?
My country-music brand? I think "free spirit" is a

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (WOOD BACKGROUND) GREGOR SCHUSTER/GETTY, (TOP RIGHT) DARIO CANTATORE, (BOTTOM RIGHT) SCOTT D. SMITH/RETNA LTD./CORBIS

> "On principle, I drink every day. The way I see it, people spend their money to party with us. I don't want to just put on a show. I want to get knee-deep in it."

good term, but I try to emulate the guys I look up to, like Tim McGraw and Johnny Cash, guys with families. To me, the coolest guys are the ones who can have a family and a real life, and also have a career. I want to be one of those guys who can excel at both. I think that's power.

You met your wife, Cassidy, in eighth grade, but you faded in and out of each other's lives for quite a long time before you married.
Yeah. Our story is pretty amazing. That's another one of those moments of your life that you can't plan for. I'd always had a crush on her, but she'd always been more mature than me. We dated briefly [in school], but she broke up with me when she came into my backyard one day at my parents' house. I was 17, and I had a 12-pack of Bud Light and a pellet gun. I was out there drinking and shooting anything that moved. She was like, "Uh, I don't think this is going to work out" [*laughs*].

We dated on and off again three or four different times. But she was in San Francisco working for an advertising agency and doing a lot of traveling, and I was in Nashville. Then I got a record deal and went on the road. She called me up one day and said, "I'm going through my phone and cleaning out numbers and tightening up my life a little bit, and I'm going to erase your number." And I was like, "*Whoa, whoa, whoa,* hang on a second. I want to keep up our friendship." At that point, I loved her so much that I just wanted her to find someone to make her happy and give her the great life that I couldn't give her, being a musician. Then I was playing a show in Las Vegas on February 5, 2005, with George Strait, and I was like, "Come out to the show. I'd love to see you." And the second she walked on the bus, I knew we were going to get married. We eloped to Mexico in December of that year.

How have your views about sex changed as you've matured?
Well, the 13-year-old boy in me is very excited to be doing an interview for *Penthouse* magazine [*laughs*]. Sex was the only thing on my mind from about that age on. I thought about it all the time. Now that I'm married, I look at it differently from a guy who's out there trying to meet a different girl every night. For me, it's the most important part of my relationship with my wife. It just gets better the more familiar you are with the person.

For some people, sex has a spiritual quality.
Yeah. I think it's the one time when your mind really turns off and you focus on the one thing that can't be experienced through anything else you do on this planet. When you're with somebody you love so deeply and intensely, there's a real spirituality to it. With someone random, there's no feeling when it's over. You just want to be away from that person as quickly as possible.

Do you drink, other than the occasional moonshine?
On principle, I drink every day. I rarely get drunk, because there's nothing worse than being hungover. But the way I see it, with what we do for a living, we're the bartenders. People spend their money to come out and party with us, and I don't want to just put on a show. I want to get knee-deep in it, and make it a real experience for our fans. I think it was [Pearl Jam's] Eddie Vedder who said, "I could play a show without drinking, but why?" The bartender's up there, he's pouring drinks, and he's also having one or two himself and having fun. I try to stick to beer. If I move on to moonshine or some of the darker stuff, things start to get a little sideways.

After "What Was I Thinkin' " hit big, girls started throwing their tank tops up at you onstage. Do they still do that?
Oh, yeah, all sorts of stuff gets tossed up onstage. I was playing for a NASCAR race at the Bristol Motor Speedway one time and someone tossed a fake leg up onstage with a Dale [Earnhardt] Jr. sticker on it and wanted me to sign it. It was an actual prosthesis. That was pretty bizarre. I signed it, though.

SHIT MY DAD SAYS

When this wannabe screenwriter was dumped by his girlfriend, he moved back in with his dad, whose words of wisdom were quickly turned into a red-hot Twitter feed—which is now a book and a TV series. It's all simple, says Halpern's Twitter bio. "I'm 29. I live with my 74-year-old dad. He is awesome. I just write down shit that he says."

By Justin Halpern • Illustrations by Chris Hiers

Confidence is the way to a woman's heart, or at least into her pants

"No one wants to lay the guy who wouldn't lay himself."

Between the end of my freshman year of high school and the beginning of my junior year, I grew ten inches. Suddenly I was six feet tall. "You're starting to look like a man, sort of," my dad told me on my 16th birthday, as I bit into a filet mignon he'd ordered for me at Ruth's Chris Steak House.

The downside of such a quick growth spurt was that I wasn't really in control of my body. I moved around like I was being puppeteered by someone with cerebral palsy. The good news was: Despite barely being able to walk ten feet without tripping over something, I could throw a baseball pretty hard. I was moved up to the varsity baseball team as a pitcher and led the team in wins and strikeouts.

That year, my school's cheerleading coach decided that in a show of school spirit, she was going to force her squad to attend all of the baseball games. Going to a high school baseball game is a lot like going to a student film festival: You're there because you feel obliged to someone involved in it, and after two repetitive, mind-numbing hours of "action," you congratulate that person and try to leave as quickly as possible. Needless to say, the cheerleaders mostly passed the time doing their homework and watching the grass grow on the sidelines. But my dad, who came to most of my games, thought otherwise.

"I've seen the way they look at you," he said.

I tried to explain to him that they didn't look at me any way at all; that if they looked at anything during a game it was at their watches in hopes it was almost over.

"Bullshit," he said.

Fortunately, he left it at that. But not for long.

On Sundays, my dad would usually wake up early and head down to Winchell's Donut House, where he'd buy a dozen donuts for my family's breakfast, including six chocolate-glazed twists specifically for me. But on one Sunday in the spring of 1997, I woke up to discover there wasn't a box of donuts sitting on the dining room table next to the kitchen.

"Get dressed, let's go get some donuts," he said as I groggily padded into the dining room.

I tossed on a pair of basketball shorts and a Charlotte Hornets T-shirt (the Hornets were my favorite team at the time for no reason other than that I loved their power forward Larry "Grandmama" Johnson, who got his nickname by dressing as an old woman and dunking in TV commercials in the early nineties), and we headed out to my dad's silver Oldsmobile. When I tried to turn the car radio on and he quickly shut it off, I knew he wanted to talk to me about something.

Then we cruised right past Winchell's.

I woke up to my dad waving my copy of *New Wave Hookers*. I had violated the cardinal rule of watching porno: Don't leave it in the VCR.

"I thought we were getting donuts," I said.

"Nah, we're going to have a real breakfast," he replied as he pulled into the parking lot at our local Denny's.

"This is Denny's," I said.

"Well, aren't you the fucking queen of England."

We walked in, and my dad signaled to the hostess he'd like a table for two. A waitress led us to the far corner of the restaurant, where a small, square table was nestled right up against a larger rectangular table occupied by six hungover-looking college kids, including two guys who were wearing T-shirts commemorating a "solid rush class" for their San Diego State fraternity. The tables were basically attached, save for a leaf that had been folded under to provide some semblance of privacy. We sat down, and my dad told the waitress he wanted a couple of glasses of orange juice for us. She left, and he turned his attention to me.

"I'm a man, I like having sex," he said.

The group of college kids next to us froze, then burst into muffled laughter. In a growing panic, I realized he was about to lay whatever his version of a sex talk was on me here, now, in a Denny's.

"No, no, Dad. What are you talking about? Maybe we shouldn't eat here. I think we should go somewhere else. I don't think we should eat here. Let's go, let's go."

"What in the hell are you talking about? We just sat down here. Denny's ain't the best food, but you eat garbage like this shit all the time," he said right as the waitress dropped off two glasses of orange juice.

Out of the corner of my eye, I could see that the college kids were now focused on my dad and me like they had paid money to be there. I half-expected one of them to pull out a giant bucket of popcorn. Oblivious to my growing discomfort, my dad continued, telling me that in his day, he'd "had a lot of fun" and slept with, apparently, a significant number of women.

"I'm not that good-looking. Never was. But I didn't give a shit. You're not a bad-looking kid. Better-looking than I was. But nobody's paying either of us to take our picture, right?"

I nodded in agreement, and right as I did I heard one of the college kids say, "Wow," prompting his group of pals to burst into laughter again.

Then my dad told me that the only way to meet women is to "act like you been there before. Don't worry about them telling you they don't like you. It's gonna happen. You can't give a fuck. Otherwise guys like you and me will never get laid."

Our waitress was ten feet away and quickly approaching, on her way back to our half-table to take our order. I was crawling out of my skin. I felt like all of Denny's—all of San Diego—was listening, watching, and laughing, and I just wanted it to end. So I did something I rarely do to my dad: I cut him off.

"Dad, can you please get to the point you're trying to make? I don't want to talk about this the whole breakfast with all these people around us," I said as I looked to my left and right, indicating that people were listening and that it was embarrassing.

He paused and glanced around the restaurant, and then right at the college kids next to us, who quickly looked away.

"You give a shit what all these people think, huh? Even though you never met a goddamned one of them," he said.

He nodded, grabbed the newspaper next to him, and began reading, which was almost more awkward, since now I had nothing to do but stare at the flip side of his newspaper, alone with my humiliation. We ordered our food and then sat in silence until the waitress returned with my dad's scrambled eggs and my pancakes.

"Dad. What was the point you were trying to make?" I said, finally, in a hushed voice.

"Son, you're always telling me why women don't like you. No one wants to lay the guy who wouldn't lay himself."

"That's all you were gonna say?" I asked.

"No. But if you give a shit about what a bunch of people in Denny's think about you, then the rest of what I was gonna say doesn't even matter."

I told him to stop reading his newspaper, and he put it on the greasy table and looked me in the eye.

"So is that why you took me here? Some kind of test to see if I'd get embarrassed?"

"Son, do I look like the type with a master fucking plan? I just wanted to talk to you and eat some eggs. Let me finish doing one of them."

On an elderly family friend's erectile dysfunction

"I don't know why people keep coming to me when they can't get hard-ons. If I knew how to fix that I'd be driving a Ferrari 200 miles an hour in the opposite direction of this house."

On appropriate times to give gifts

"Yeah, I got him a gift. He got his kidney stone taken out. If you shoot a rock through your pecker, you deserve more than just a pat on the fucking back."

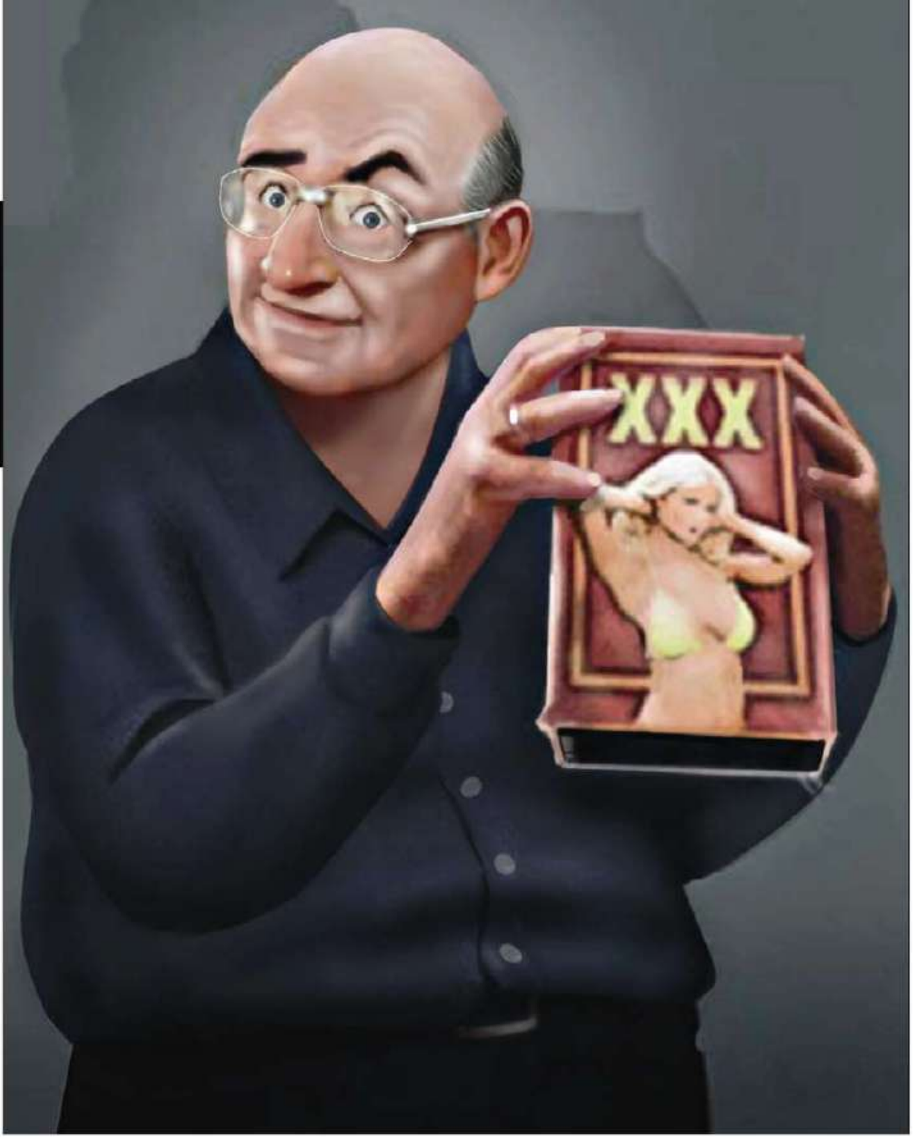
At the end of the day, you have to make the best decision for yourself

"I'm not about to take the fall for somebody else's porno movie."

One day when I was 14, my friend Aaron barged through my front door after school, out of breath and sweaty. I could tell by the intense look on his face that whatever he was about to tell me just might be the most important thing I had heard in my entire life up to that point. It turned out I was right.

"Dude. I found a porno movie in the alley behind 7-Eleven," he said.

From his backpack he pulled out a VHS copy of *New Wave Hookers,* whose weathered, stained cardboard packaging left no question as to the fact that someone else had gotten his money's worth out of this puppy. We reacted like a pair of farmers who had discovered a bag of money in one of their cornfields: jubilant, then immediately paranoid and distrustful of each other. We knew we had to work together to make sure we didn't blow this opportunity and decided that the best idea was to take a time-



share approach. I would take the porno the first and third weeks of every month, and Aaron would take it the second and fourth.

Though I watched the movie 50-plus times, to this day I'm not sure what the plotline is, because I never made it past the first 20 minutes. The only place I could watch it was in my parents' room. They had the only VCR in the house, which made me feel like a gazelle finding out that the only watering hole within a thousand-mile radius was inside a lion's den. Never once, though, did I think, *It's not worth it*. I'd wait until my parents had left the house, and then I'd go into their room and do my business. I even worked out a plan for when I heard the front door open: I'd pull my underwear up from around my ankles as I hit EJECT, and then in one motion remove the tape and hit the TV/VIDEO button so that they wouldn't know the VCR had been used. It was a well-thought-out, efficient plan, and it never failed.

Unfortunately I still got caught.

I realized this when I woke up one morning to my dad hovering above me, waving my copy of *New Wave Hookers* like it was a winning lottery ticket. I had violated the cardinal rule of watching porno: Don't leave it in the VCR.

"I don't give a shit if you watch porno, watch away," he said. "But (a) don't do it my room. The last thing I need is to come home from work and sit on some of your nasty business. And (b) I can't have your mother finding porno in my room and thinking that it's mine. Then that becomes my problem, and I'm not about to take the fall for somebody else's porno movie."

"Are you gonna tell Mom?" I asked in a panic.

"Nah, I'll keep quiet about it as long as you don't do that shit on my bed," he said with a twinkle in his eye.

I reached my hand up assertively, assuming that now that we'd had our man-to-man he'd give me the movie back. "Ha, nice fucking try." He turned and left with it under his arm, laughing.

Having your father find your porno and laugh at you is an embarrassing moment in a teenager's life. I experienced a far more embarrassing one the next morning when I awoke to find my mother standing above me, holding my copy of *New Wave Hookers*. My dad had turned me in!

When my mom finished describing the ills of the porn industry and detailing the unrealistic nature of the sex depicted in them, all the while screaming at me, I marched out into the living room like a man who had traveled a long distance to avenge a death. "Hey!" I shouted at my dad, who was eating his Grape-Nuts.

He looked up at me, making a face that said, "Be careful in choosing your next words."

"You told Mom about my—" and then I silently mouthed the word *porno*. "You said you wouldn't!" I added at full volume.

He put down his paper, looked at me, and replied in a measured voice, "Yeah, I thought about that. Too risky for me not to tell her. You shouldn't have left that porno in our VCR. Your penis betrayed you, son. Made you think stupid. It won't be the last time that happens."

On selling his beloved two-door 1967 Mercury Cougar

"This is what happens when you have a family. You sacrifice. [*Pause*] You sacrifice a lot. [*Long pause*] It's gonna be in your best interest to stay away from me for the next couple of days."

On the SATs

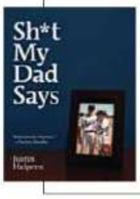
"Remember, it's just a test. If you fuck up, it doesn't mean you're a fuckup. That said, try not to fuck this up. It's pretty important."

On picking the right college

"Don't pick some place just because you think it'll be easy to get laid there.... No, no, that's a very good reason to pick a lot of things, just not this."

On managing one's bank account

"Don't get mad at the overdraft charge.... No, no—see, there's your problem. You think of it as a penalty for taking out money you don't have, but instead, it might help you to think of it as a reminder that you're a dumb shit."



From the book Sh*t My Dad Says *by Justin Halpern. Copyright © 2010 by Justin Halpern. Reprinted by permission of It Books, an imprint of HarperCollins Publishers.*

she's got legs

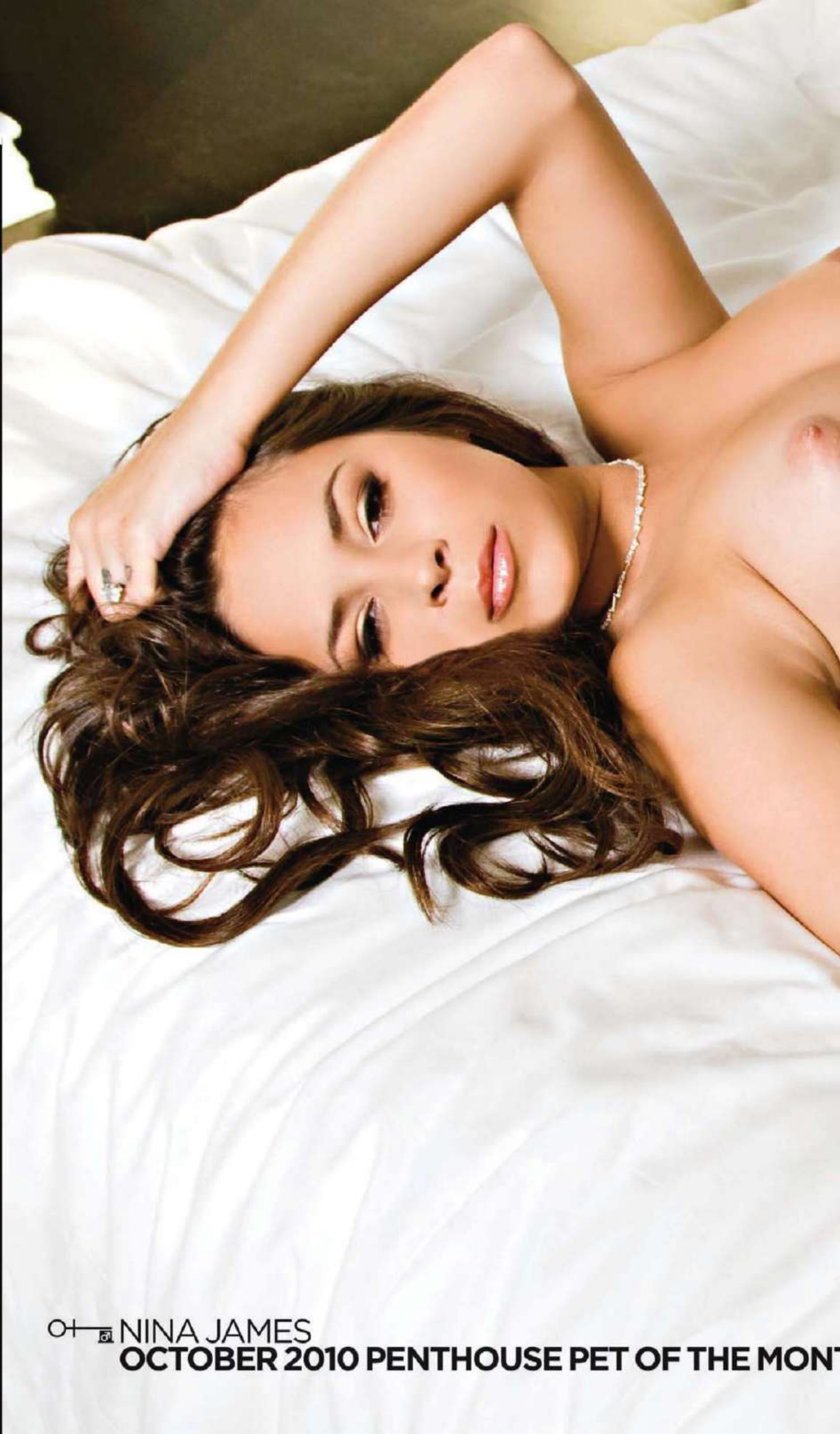
And there's no doubt that Nina James knows how to use those legs to her advantage. One look at her was all it took to gain our undying loyalty and lustful attention.

Photographs by Emma Nixon

"I highly recommend sex on a cruise ship. When I was on a cruise through Europe, I managed to have sex all over the Continent, and all over the ship."

“Once I had sex for four hours straight. I guess that won’t sound so incredible to some people, but we were going at it every minute. You just had to be there!”

"I don't have a type when it comes to guys. I fall for all different kinds of men. But a guy has to be able to make me laugh. That's a must."



NINA JAMES

OCTOBER 2010 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONT

TH

"The first time I had sex was, in a word, un-believe-able. Or is that three words? Either way, it was everything I had been fantasizing about."

NINA JAMES
OCTOBER 2010 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONT

TH

Vital stats:
18 years old
5'9"; 36-24-35

Hometown:
Stockton, California.

If you could live anywhere, where would it be?
Barcelona, Spain. When I traveled to Europe, Barcelona really made an impression. I loved the lifestyle.

Dream vacation spot:
Africa, Australia, and Ireland.

Favorite drink:
Coffee, coffee, coffee.

Favorite food:
Italian. I could live on spaghetti and garlic bread.

Favorite music:
Indie rock. I grew up on indie/folk and rock.

Favorite TV shows:
Sex and the City and *Friends*.

Favorite movie:
I could watch *Forrest Gump* every day and never get tired of it.

Favorite workout:
Running. It's a great way to think through the things that stress me out.

Favorite fantasy:
Sex on the beach.

What's the most daring thing you've ever done?
I've gone cliff-diving a few times.

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COST: $1.99 TO $2.99/MINUTE

nothing's shocking

"I am not a licensed therapist, guru, or magic relationship mender. This is sex and love advice from a guy who has seen both failure and success in the relationship department. I am little jaded, a little disillusioned, a little sarcastic, yet very honest. Answers may be sincere, absurd, comical, or sometimes flat-out wrong. You'll have to consider the source, I suppose."

By Dave Navarro

■ **My girlfriend is a squirter, and I'm sick of washing the fucking sheets every night. We've tried shagging outside, but the neighbors have small kids, and we don't have a car to drive out to the forest. Is there a medical procedure available to us to stop the squirting?**
You can ask her to stop imagining you're Johnny Depp and see if that works! The fact is, this is who she is; you'd better learn to deal or make a change. I know you see this as a problem, but imagine an even worse option: Being with a squirter who doesn't squirt when she's with *you*. Try sex in the shower or rubber/plastic sheets (coverings for such events are available). You can even lay down towels when you're in a pinch. Many men find squirting to be extremely hot, so remember, if you can't handle it, there are a lot of men who will happily take over for you. I'm sure that idea stings on some level.

Seriously, have a stack of towels standing by, and thank your lucky stars you are with someone so gifted.

■ **I have been in a relationship for two years, and I'm feeling really bored with my boyfriend. What can I do to make myself interested again? I love him a lot, but physically I don't really care anymore.**
This is one of those questions that, if there were a concrete answer it would be like gold, and the divorce rate would significantly drop. My answer is, I have no idea. Many people struggle with the issue of how to reignite a flame that has long smoldered out. For me, once that fire has ceased I move on. But there are plenty of avenues to take in terms of experimentation with toys and roleplay and sex play and stuff like that. Try reaching for a book on some of these ideas instead of the remote control. Beware: There are no books or games that will turn your partner into a completely different person!

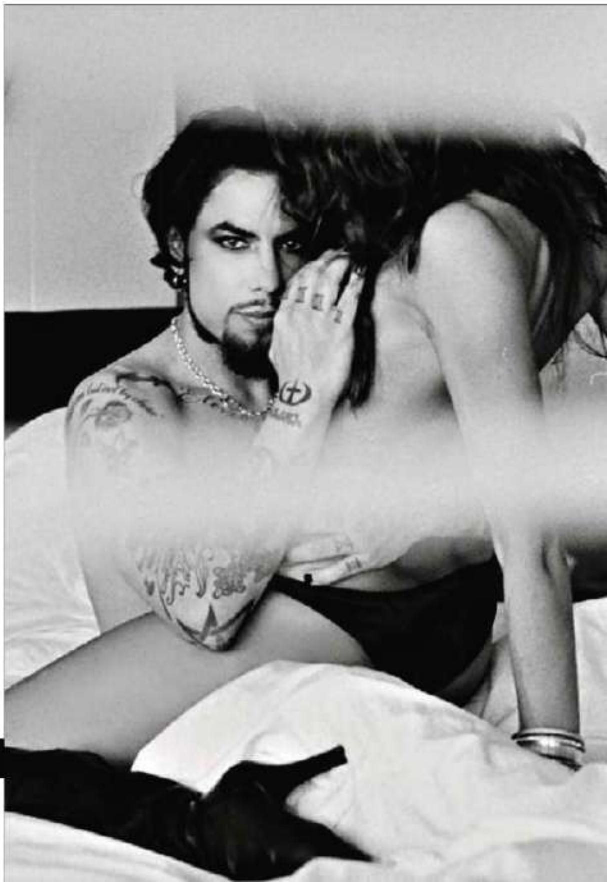
■ **How do you tell a long-term partner that you want to see other people but still want to be with him? I'm having a hard time convincing my boyfriend of six years that I believe we are not meant to be monogamous without him getting jealous and angry.**
Well, you should have started off that way instead of changing the rules six years in. Of course he is going to take this personally. If you're asking me how to convince your boyfriend to see things your way, I'm sorry. I cannot do that. I'm on his side with this. Now you're the one left with a decision: Leave the relationship and be up-front with your new partner or stay in your current monogamous relationship.

■ **I am in a seven-year relationship with a guy, but I'm bisexual. My boyfriend has no problem with me being with girls, as he doesn't see it as cheating. Everyone we know finds this very weird. Do you think this could cause problems in the future?**
Yes, if you keep telling *everyone you know*! What is the matter with you?! Look, if your boyfriend has no problem with your bisexuality, then that is all that matters. I see it the same way he does. Men and women are simply equipped differently, and there is no way a man can satisfy a woman as a woman. If I owned a sushi restaurant and my customers wanted Italian food, I would have no problem with them going to an Italian place. If they went to a different sushi restaurant, then I would be offended. Try keeping your sex life to yourselves and the partners you introduce into it. There's no reason to share such personal intimate details with everyone, especially if you don't like the reaction you get. Fuck 'em.

■ **How do I talk to my newly married daughter about her sex life with her husband? Her father and I divorced because of the lack of passion in our sex life. He would touch me only if he wanted to have sex. And he really only ever pleased himself. I'm embarrassed to say I never had an orgasm while we were married, except for the self-inflicted kind. I don't want her to end up in a divorce because she married a sexually selfish man. Any ideas on this talk?**
Sorry, Mom, but it's a little late to be asking this. A cautionary tale is meant to be just that: *a caution*. You should have had this talk *before* she got married. To be honest, if you don't know how to approach this discussion with your daughter as an adult, then there are bigger issues at play; maybe you two simply don't have that kind of open communication. The way you have articulated your fears in your question is probably the best way to express them to her.

But she has made her choice and now she has to live with it ... as an adult. I hate to be the one to break it down like this, but her sex life with her husband is *her* business, unless she wants to share with you. All you can do is share *your* experiences and be supportive. If she wishes to open up about her sex life, that's her call, but don't pry.

Submit your questions for Dave at PenthouseMagazine.com/hottips.



PHOTOGRAPH BY LISA BOYLE

JON DOE

Jon Glaser may hide his identity and disguise his voice in his Adult Swim series, Delocated, *but his comic sensibility comes through loud and clear.*

By John Bolster

At this point in the twenty-first century, now several months into its second decade, the time is ripe for a situation comedy about a family in the Witness Protection Program that "delocates" to New York City to star in a reality show. No reasonable person could dispute that.

That's why Jon Glaser—a veteran comic and writer with five Emmy nominations under his belt as a member of Conan O'Brien's writing staff—stepped up and delivered just that late last year. The frequently hilarious result is *Delocated,* a comedy whose main character wears a ski mask and speaks in the low, garbled tone of a silhouetted interview subject.

The show, which is in its second season on Cartoon Network's Adult Swim, generates a steady torrent of absurdity from its ridiculous premise, and the supreme obliviousness of its main character, a self-centered boob named "Jon."

We spoke to the real Jon recently, and he told us about *Delocated*'s origins, shooting in 90-degree temperatures while wearing a ski mask, and the magic of sandwich humor.

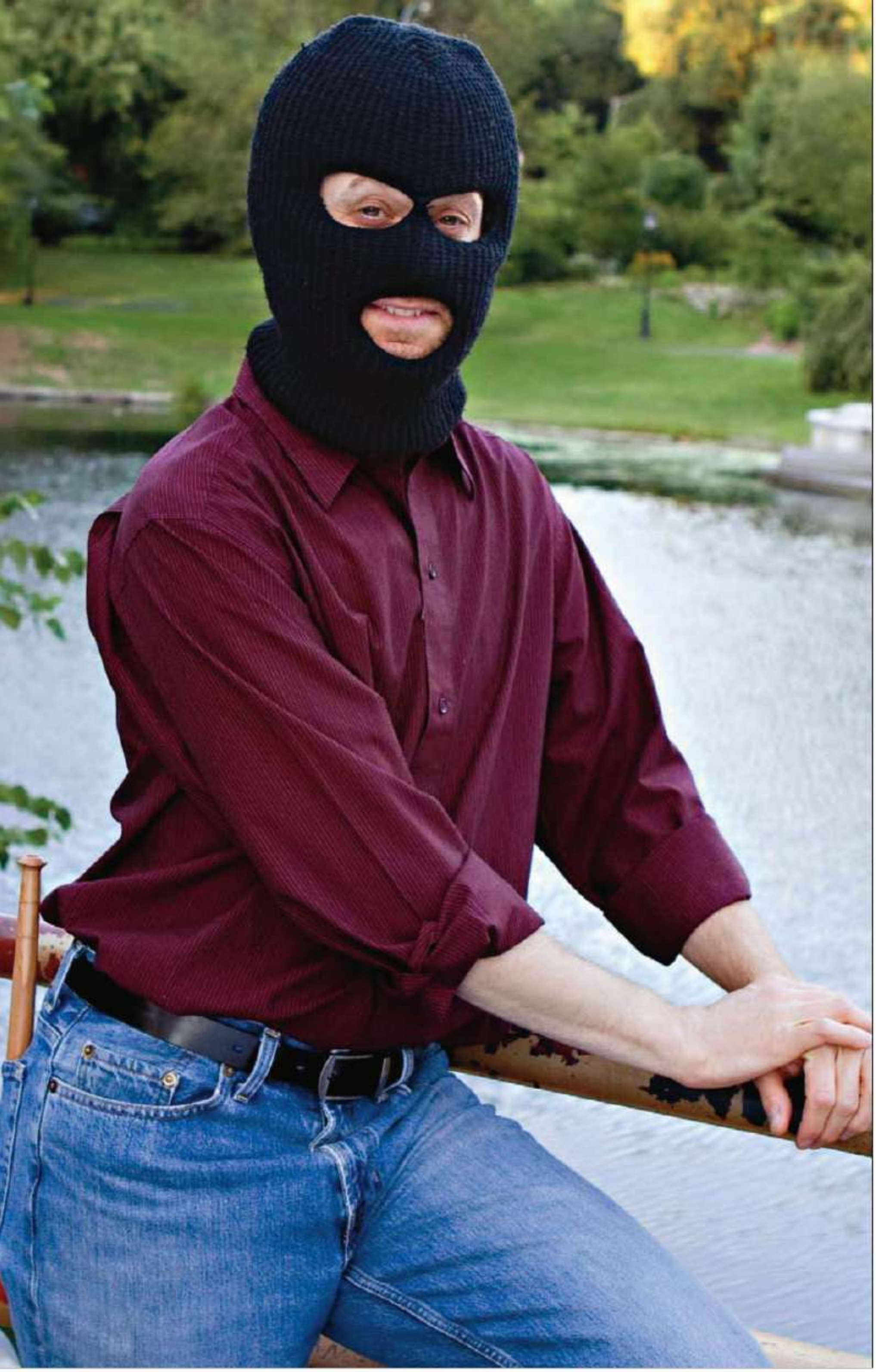
When you hatched the idea for this show, did you account for the possibility of shooting in New York City, in the summer, while wearing a ski mask?

[*Laughs*] No. It was never a thought on my mind, but I wish it had been. But it's also kind of joyful, because it's so *miserable* that it's just ... kind of great. To me it's just hilarious that it's that hot. It never bothers me even though it's awful. It's just part of it.

You didn't shoot any scenes in the subway, did you? You might not have survived.

We actually had some ideas for the subway, but I don't think we're allowed to [shoot there]. But the majority of our locations were still miserable. We shot in this old hospital, and in an old church, in the basement—they were all hot and sweaty. And the ski mask just makes it so much worse. But I'm not going to complain. It's such a fun show to make.

DELOCATED PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY OF TM & © 2010 CARTOON NETWORK. PHOTOGRAPH (LEFT) BY ROGER KISBY/GETTY IMAGES



Do you get funny reactions from people on the street, seeing a dude in a ski mask?
Definitely. Even though we're never shooting in superbusy areas, we always get looks. And some of the *non*-reactions are funny, too. We did some scenes where I was running around in the street in my underwear, and a ski mask, of course. An old lady came by and said, "Put some clothes on! You look *ridiculous*." But nothing about the mask. It was really fucking funny.

Did you pitch this show to any mainstream networks? I could see ABC Family really going for something like this.
[*Laughs*] Yes. I went right for ABC Family first. And then I went to Oxygen. Then ESPN. No, but I did pitch it to Comedy Central, and they didn't go for it. Which in hindsight was great, because getting to do it at Adult Swim has been just completely ideal. They're a dream to work with.

The germ of the idea came from a character you did on *Late Night With Conan O'Brien.* Can you tell our readers about that?
It was a guy in the Witness Protection Program who was an impressionist. The original idea had more of a specific joke attached, which was that all of his impressions sounded like that low, garbled voice—that altered voice. I wore the ski mask and had the voice changed, and the joke was superdumb, but it was also similarly fun, because the character had the same smugness and confidence that my character has on the show now—while also being a massive jerk. Which is why it's so much fun to play this character. He's a phenomenal asshole, but he's just supersmug and confident about who he is.

How much of the show is improvised?
A pretty fair amount. We stick to the scripts, or at least the storylines, of the scenes, but there's a bunch of improvising. It's certainly encouraged, and there's a lot of improvisation that ends up in the show. But I would say that 85 to 90 percent is what's written.

Is it accurate to say that sub sandwiches figure into your comedy fairly often?
That's very accurate. It's hyper-accurate. I very much enjoy sandwich humor. If you saw the first episode of this season, there's a scene in which I'm eating a sandwich while crying. I don't know what it is. I just think eating is funny. Especially when people are getting emotional. Put those two together and it's—I love it.

Is there any occasion in life or on the show that can't be summed up by a *"Frrrt!"*?
[*Laughs*] I don't think so. I'm trying not to overuse it this season, though. Because it's always a pretty easy go-to noise—and yeah, it's a good cap for anything. I stole it from my dad. I'll give him full credit. He'll be happy to pick up *Penthouse* and read that he got full credit for that noise.

It sounds like a dad noise, now that you mention it.
Yeah, it's a total dad thing. It definitely feels like something that a weirdo dad like my character—who thinks he's being funny when he makes that noise—would do. No offense to my real dad, of course.

THE OUTPO

Deep in the heart of the Pech Valley, in northeast Afghanistan, at a remote combat outpost, American soldiers are fighting for their lives against an insurgency that grows in determination every day.

Text and photographs by John Cantlie

Combat Outpost Michigan, tucked away at the head of the Korengal Valley, is home to just 76 soldiers. The camp looks over tin-pot villages known to be Taliban strongholds; they're separated from COP Michigan only by the river, ten-foot-high HESCO barriers, and razor wire. Every village in the area is run as a separate state, with every tribal elder dictating the law on his patch; few leaders agree on anything—except their common foe at Michigan.

In hindsight, this is not the greatest place for a military compound. Stretching away in every direction are snow-capped peaks of more than 10,000 feet, making it more like an ideal hunting ground for foreign insurgents, organized Taliban fighters, and any locals who fancy taking a pop at the Americans. The insurgents have weapons caches, favorite shooting spots, and perfect cover. Michigan has thermal imagery, remote-controlled gun turrets, and an awesome collection of weaponry to bring to bear. Every wall of the base is scarred by the impact of war. The gym is slashed with bullet holes, the bench-press machine etched by a rocket-propelled-grenade round that bounced off the ground outside. The bulletproof glass of the armored vehicles has been marked by armor-piercing rounds. Cases of discarded ammunition boxes are scattered in every corner, while Kiowa attack helicopters clatter overhead like sharks, the thump of their weapons audible far up the valley. COP Michigan is slap-bang in the middle of nowhere and right on the front line of the War on Terror.

The mountain regions of Afghanistan are devilishly complex, both in terms of topography and politics. It's an area that has fiercely resisted foreign intervention over the centuries. Today, the soldiers of the 2nd Battalion, 12th Infantry Regiment out of Fort Carson, Colorado, try to win hearts and minds during the day, then fight in the evening. The insurgency here is less cohesive than it is in the south, the front line changes every day, and it's about as far from conventional war as is possible to get.

"The situation here is intricate," says Major Tom Senti with resigned understatement. "The judicial system of law is not recognized here, and village elders run the valleys. They are the key to success, but the area is so poor it's easier for the Taliban to pay people into fighting for them than it is for us to convince them to work with us." And the influx of foreign fighters from Pakistan means there is never a shortage of insurgents. It's a confusing place for an infantryman whose sole job is to find the enemy and engage them; in the Pech Valley, you never see your attacker. You just talk to him during the day. Nobody knows who's good and who's bad; it's easiest to assume the latter, and suspicions run permanently high. The soldiers of Michigan do their patrols, get shot at, return fire, ask who did the shooting, get told "we don't know," and on it goes.

ST

The Hitman mortar team fired more than 6,000 rounds of ammunition in seven months, making it the most experienced mortar team in Afghanistan.

The soldiers I met during my winter 2010 embed average just 21 years of age, but they are veterans of combat. The platoons of Dagger, Gator, Fox, and Delta have been here for six months, and have seen contact nearly every day. “At first it was kind of exciting,” says John Rushing, from Dallas, a medic for Gator. “But after the months of August and November, when we were often in contact for over five hours at a time, it started to wear thin. Considering the amount of contact we’ve had, we’ve been incredibly lucky to have only 12 casualties.” These young men grow up fast. Their sense of humor is brutally sharp, their weapons are battered and well-used, full magazines loaded at all times.

We roll out on a glorious early spring day into the village of Tantil, no more than two miles from the base. It’s a known trouble spot, but on this warm day it’s a picture of tranquillity. Packs of kids follow the soldiers, hustling: “Mister, give me pen. Picture, take picture!” It’s the same scene you see in any number of undeveloped nations. The young girls are disarmingly pretty and react to the sight of a camera like bolting horses, rearing back into doorways and hiding from view. Irrigation canals funnel clear mountain water into the fields, houses are made of mud bricks, and people live side by side with their livestock.

“Tantil is a real problem for us,” says Captain Tim Eastman, a 32-year-old from Florida. “We’ve put several projects amounting to thousands of dollars into this village, but still we get hit every time we come through here.” They speak to the elder, discussing ways to improve security. Suddenly, and with perfect irony, gunfire erupts from the ridge behind; in a split second the platoon is in a running firefight. The Americans use superior weapons to outrageous effect, employing the gun turrets of their armored vehicles while troops return fire from positions beneath dry-stone walls. “Hey, reporter!” yells “Doc” Ackerman over the noise of battle as he changes magazines. “Welcome to Michigan!” We retreat into the vehicles through a haze of green smoke, and children run to collect the spent cartridge cases. They get one U.S. dollar for ten cases, a fortune in this place.

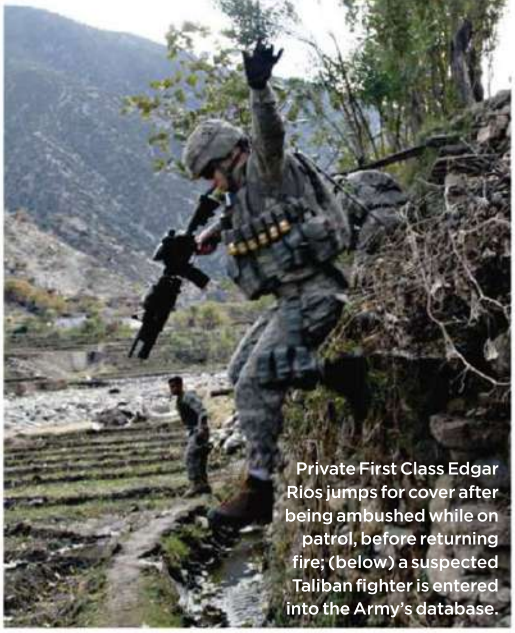
It gets dark at 5 P.M., and dinner is served in a mess hall built by the soldiers. At 5:30 the first explosion is heard. “Outgoing?” “No, that’s incoming!” Everyone busts out the door, hastily pulling on Kevlar helmets and body armor, and sprints for their positions. Seconds later, enemy machine guns open fire and rake the base from end to end. Michigan is under assault on three sides.

We’re running for our lives through a withering hail of fire. For 20 minutes the valley erupts to the sound of .50-caliber machine-gun fire, the *whoosh* of TOW rockets, and the staccato chatter of support weapons. A Taliban rocket misses a parked Humvee by a couple of feet and spits shrapnel across three vehicles, bursting tires. Then the attack stops. Silence. There’s the metallic sound of barrels being changed, guns being cleared, and fresh magazines being loaded. “I’d give that a seven out of ten,” says First Sergeant Ed Vaars. “Pretty badass. They’ve tried to overrun us a bunch of times, but we throw them back every time.”

Within ten minutes everything is back to normal. This barely registers on their radar. “That’s just the way it is here,” says 21-year-old marine Cody Stokes from Nevada, on attachment to Michigan to help train Afghan soldiers stationed at the base. “People at home assume the fight’s all down in the south, but it’s rowdy up here. We don’t have the air support or intel those folks do down there, so we’re constantly on our toes. There’s really no point in getting excited about it.”

The Afghans appear to tolerate the daily firefights with grudging acceptance. These valleys have known war for so long that it’s part of the culture. When the shooting starts, they merely retreat into their homes. They know what’s going on around them, so it’s probable they know when an attack is coming (and who is responsible), a fact that infuriates the Americans. I had been here only a week before locals would single me out from the soldiers and call, “London. Hey you, London.” They knew who I was.

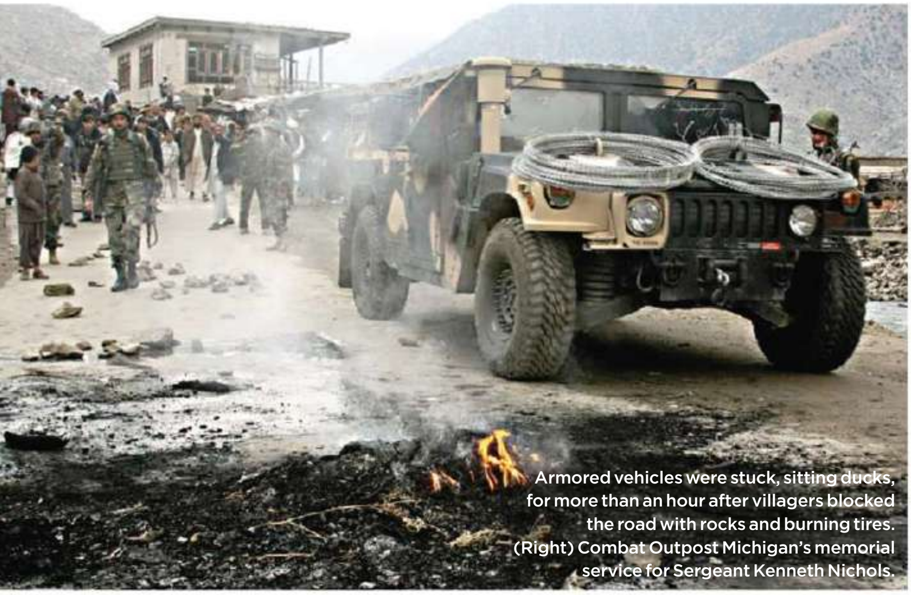
A full moon hangs in the night sky, casting the Pech in a milky light. “I hate full moons,” says Private First Class Mark Haas. “Those bastards can move around as they please.” As we speak, a call comes in over the radio: troops in contact. Red tracers soar into the air less than a mile away. Two armored vehicles come through the gate at high speed, with someone screaming for a medic: “Took two RPGs straight into the cabin. He’s got no fucking face.” Sergeant Marcel Tiller is pulled out of the first vehicle and carried to the aid center so the shrapnel injuries to his face can be treated. Sergeant Kenneth Nichols, promoted just the day before, has not been so fortunate: He took a direct hit from an armor-piercing rocket. Fifteen minutes later, the medevac Black Hawk lands and a stony silence settles on the camp. A figure appears from the shadows as I watch the chopper take off. “Don’t stand there,” he says quietly. “If they’re going to hit us, it’ll come across the hill when the helicopter takes off. I’ve seen it before.” He lights a cigarette, his hands covered in blood. “I’m going to wash the body parts from the vehicle.”



Private First Class Edgar Rios jumps for cover after being ambushed while on patrol, before returning fire; (below) a suspected Taliban fighter is entered into the Army’s database.

“We want the names of the guys who did this, and then we’re going to kill them,” Captain Eastman demands

A tower gunner shoots at insurgents during an assault of COP Michigan.



Armored vehicles were stuck, sitting ducks, for more than an hour after villagers blocked the road with rocks and burning tires. (Right) Combat Outpost Michigan's memorial service for Sergeant Kenneth Nichols.

Eventually they agree to let the Americans through and drag the rocks to the side of the road. As Afghan police greet the instigators of the roadblock like old friends, Lieutenant Mark Zambarda says, "I really thought for a minute that that was going all the way."

of the Afghan police. The soldiers want revenge; it's in the way they talk, the way they move. "Tell me who did this," one says with menace in his voice. "I'll kill them, and you'll be safe." The reply comes: "I told you, we haven't seen anybody."

The soldiers push harder: "Well, we're sending out a message on the local radio saying you've been talking to us. Everyone will know it's you, so you may as well tell us who did this." The Afghans are visibly rattled at the change of tactic, but still, the soldiers move from house to house, looking for answers, getting none.

The situation worsens later that week. Dagger platoon is on patrol south of Chinar village when four men are seen through thermal sights taking up positions on the hillside above. Dagger launches a TOW missile and all four are hit. Two hours later the bodies of two Afghans are brought to the front gate by a group of elders. A standoff develops. "These men were collecting firewood and you shot them," the elders say. "We've told you that if you need to go into the hills to collect wood, let us know and we won't fire," comes the reply. If the men were collecting firewood (and wood is a precious commodity in this place), this was a bad call on the soldiers' part. But Michigan has taken so much fire from that position for months that it's a known no-man's land.

"If we have an incident whereby one squad goes on some sort of vendetta, it'll undo all the work that's been done over the last five years," says Vaars later that day, confident in his men but concerned all the same. "The balance here is that fine."

And then Kandagal boils over. The inhabitants have dynamited a section of rock off the slope above the road and completely blocked the way with burning tires and huge lumps of granite. Armored vehicles are stuck, sitting ducks, while villagers surge across the bridge, the brothers of one of the dead men carrying his body high in the air. The patrol sits for well over an hour as Afghan soldiers remonstrate with the protesters. "The Americans have killed our brothers, and they will be avenged," shouts one Afghan, his face covered. Eventually the villagers agree to let the Americans through, and it takes 20 minutes to drag the rocks to the side of the road. The decision not to allow the soldiers off their vehicles almost certainly stopped the situation from getting even worse. As Afghan police greet the instigators of the roadblock like old friends, Lieutenant Mark Zambarda says, "I really thought for a minute that that was going all the way."

There are more meetings with village elders, who have a letter, handwritten in perfect English, calling for an "uprising" if the Americans do not leave the base. An agreement is reached whereby Michigan will make a payment to the villagers for the deaths of two of the men. "This is not an admission of guilt," says Eastman. "It's a settlement to try to find some kind of agreement between us."

On a cold, gray, damp Thursday morning, a memorial service is held for Sergeant Nichols. The whole company stands at attention in the courtyard; the brigade commander flies in with his entourage. An attack now could be catastrophic. The young men remember their fallen comrade with a simple ceremony, and a seven-gun salute rips through the hills. And then it's business as usual—within five minutes everyone is back to their posts or patrols. Sometime in the future the coalition forces will be gone, but in the meantime, for the Afghans, this is their land, their home, as it has been for 1,000 years. And they're used to the fight.

Sergeant Marcel Tiller is carried to the aid station after being wounded in the attack that killed Sergeant Nichols.

czech her out

Twenty-five-year-old Eufrat gets our pulses racing, with her smokin' 36-25-35 body, her expressive eyes, and her sweetly seductive smile. We already know we'll happily welcome back the sultry brunette from the Czech Republic anytime.

Photographs by Louis Moiré

"If a man takes the time to create a romantic atmosphere with a bath or a picnic, I'm very turned on. But if I'm horny and a guy tells me to wait till the football match is over, he's not going to get me at my best when he's ready."

“Looks don’t really matter to me, but I like guys who can be happy about little things. He also has to like his job. There is nothing worse than a man who hates his job and comes home in a bad mood night after night.”

"I'm not trying to be a tease, but I'm not going to tell you about my most remarkable sexual experience. It wouldn't be remarkable anymore if others knew about it. I like that it's my secret."

"The most exciting place I've ever made love is on the beach. I'm a country girl from a little town where there are no beaches, so having sex on the beach was very exciting."

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Sex and the Supernatural

By Nick Redfern • Illustrations by Abner Devereaux

For some people, sex with regular humans is just not enough. Aliens, ghosts, vampires, and even Bigfoot have all (allegedly, at least) inhabited the minds, bodies, and dreams of people looking for supernatural sex. Interested in learning what makes Sasquatch's dick tick? Ready for a bit of crazy action with a hot ghost? Maybe you're looking for some one-on-one time with a hot babe from a faraway galaxy? If the answer to any—or, for the adventurous, all—of these questions is a definitive "Yes!" you're not alone.

SEX, BLOOD, AND ROCK 'N' ROLL

Vampires and sex have always made for strange bedfellows. Bram Stoker's 1897 novel, *Dracula,* presented the world's most famous bloodsucker as a mysterious and dangerous figure, but one who oozed unspoken eroticism. The first filmed version of the book, *Nosferatu,* in 1922, is viewed by movie buffs as a cinematic masterpiece. But Max Schreck, who played the lead role of ratlike Count Orlok, was white as a sheet, skinny as a rake, and looked like he needed a good meal, rather than a pint or two of the red stuff.

Bela Lugosi, who took on the role of Count Dracula in Universal's 1931 production of Stoker's novel, did a fine job, but came across as someone's grandfather hamming it up after a few drinks at a Christmas party. Actor Christopher Lee's version of Dracula—from the famous Hammer films of the 1950s to 1970s—was a more potent and sexually predatory count, whose fangs graphically penetrated the throats of his buxom female victims.

Hammer certainly knew when it was onto a good thing: In 1970 the company released *The Vampire Lovers,* starring curvy Polish actress Ingrid Pitt as one of the lesbian "blood nymphs" who loved to suck hot female neck. Hammer's fans clamored for more girl-on-girl action and the studio was happy to oblige: *Lust for a Vampire* surfaced one year later, and *Twins of Evil* hit the big screen in 1972.

Forty years later, vampires are still oozing sex through movies, TV shows, and even sex parties. The *Twilight* movies and HBO's *True Blood* series are both enjoying phenomenal success. While the former is geared toward a tween/teen audience and has a more romantic and gothic approach to its subject matter, the latter is full-on sex, gore, and carnal carnage. Actress Evan Rachel Wood's "vampire queen" Sophie-Anne Leclerq in *True Blood,* for example, is both bisexual and deadly—two things guaranteed to boost ratings.

These pop-culture characters may be rubbing off on the nation's sex life. Type "vampire + sex" into any search engine and you'll find clubs and chat rooms that cater to just about every bloodsucking fetish out there.

Swingers are getting into the action, too. In recent months, at least two vampire-costume sex parties have been held near Dallas; those interested in a bit of Saturday night partner-swapping could also indulge their Sophie-Anne fantasies.

"It's just for fun," says Lucy (not her real name), a 32-year-old Fort Worth secretary. "We dress in black, crank up Rob Zombie or Nine Inch Nails, and have a good time. And the folks who plan the parties try to get the mood right—there are lots of black and purple curtains in the rooms, candles, and everyone drinks out of cool goblets." And, she stresses, "The look is important, too, and we all make the effort. Everyone's in black, and a lot of the girls go for leather boots, short skirts, lots of skull jewelry. That's my angle: kind of like Abby from *NCIS.*

"The guys tend be rocker-types—Trent Reznor, Marilyn Manson style. It's all about fucking, of course, but it's incredibly sexy when you get into the idea of, *Wow, I'm getting done by a beautiful vampire couple.*"

So there's no real-life bloodletting going on, then? "No," laughs Lucy. "Though one guy did come to the first party with plastic fangs. That was pretty stupid."

Do they get people turning up dressed as Bela Lugosi or Count Orlok? "No way!" Lucy screams. "It's all *True Blood,* baby!" Welcome to the new breed of vampire lovers.

PARANORMAL FUN AND GAMES

Raven Meindel, a Wiccan priestess who was recently featured on the History Channel's *Monster Quest* series chasing bloodthirsty werewolves, believes that the world of the supernatural can play a significant role in fantasy-driven sex. She says of people like Lucy, "In some cases, I would definitely say that it's good old-fashioned fun to seek out the darker side of our animalistic human selves. Roleplay in this fashion is a safe way to experience a world beyond our own."

Meindel adds, "Fulfilling one's desires, especially for those who typically lack such confidence in the real world, becomes easier once the costumes and masks are on and the role-players act out the characteristics and often lurid sensuality of the characters or creatures they are playing."

But what about allegedly true-life close encounters of the supernatural-sex variety? Here's where things get a little darker. Louis Proud, of Melbourne, Australia, is the author of the 2009 book *Dark Intrusions: An Investigation Into the Paranormal Nature of Sleep Paralysis Experiences,* which Proud describes as "a condition that occurs either prior or subsequent to REM [rapid eye movement] sleep, in which the mind is awake and the body is asleep and paralyzed, and is sometimes accompanied by hallucinations. Some episodes can be extremely terrifying and unpleasant, since they involve the feeling of a malevolent presence in the room. Many perceive these experiences as encounters with demons and evil spirits."

As for his own experiences with sleep paralysis, Proud says, "I first began to experience it in my teens. I've had a number of sexual encounters with female spirits. These were just as pleasurable as the real thing—in some ways more so. Comparing the two, my sexual sleep-paralysis encounters were much more intense."

Proud is not alone, it seems. "Following the publication of my book," he says, "I received many emails from sleep-paralysis sufferers—mostly women—who claim to have engaged in sexual acts with spirits. Most of them said they enjoyed these experiences, despite being a little uncomfortable with the idea."

Of course, these events, as hot as they may be for the person concerned, might not have any basis in reality outside the human brain. Proud concedes that "skeptics declare that sleep-paralysis episodes are entirely hallucinatory, and are caused by an intrusion of REM activity into wakefulness, meaning that these experiences are 'all in the mind,' just as dreams are 'all in the mind.' The phenomenon, they say, has played a critical role in fostering humanity's long-held belief in spirits, demons, and aliens."

> "We cannot deny the inherent absurdity and humor of paranormal sex, but ... this is a very tangible thing for those who undergo it."

Regardless of what lies at the heart of supernatural sex—something truly paranormal or simply erotic mind games—there is no doubt that it has highly addictive qualities. Meindel states, "As with any type of thrill-seeking, I think people can very easily become addicted to it. Some people keep coming back to it because they feel they cannot live their version of a normal life without it. After all, it is human nature to indulge."

Proud agrees: "I believe it could become addictive, but probably more so for a spirit than a human. These experiences can be extremely pleasurable. One woman told me that both she and her daughter have sexual sleep-paralysis experiences regularly. The daughter felt an entity sucking her breast on one occasion. The mom, who occasionally feels a male presence next to her and breathing on her neck, confessed, 'I have actually been turned on by this evil thing.' "

Nevertheless, Proud feels that "to form a close relationship with a spirit, and a sexual one at that, is only inviting trouble." He elaborates on the potentially negative aspects of the phenomenon: "As to whether or not sleep-paralysis sex is healthy, I think this all depends on the type of entity involved. They are motivated by a hunger for the energy of the living, as well as by an appetite for pleasure. After all, sexual activity—even between two people—involves the transference of vital energy. Depending on a number of factors, such as who is involved, this transference of energy can be balanced or unbalanced. For some sleep-paralysis sufferers, these experiences have a negative impact on their health and well-being, leaving them feeling defiled and drained of energy."

DATING THE DEAD

Joshua P. Warren, the author of such books as *Pet Ghosts* and *How to Hunt Ghosts,* is working on a website for people who have experienced ghostly sex. He claims spirits are quite discerning when it comes to carnal activity. "Every single woman I've met who has told me she has been sexually involved with a ghost is very attractive," he says. "They can be blondes or brunettes, but I have seen more redheads who have had a paranormal sexual experience and enjoyed it. And because a lot of women do enjoy it, I feel there's a social-networking need for people who want to date within the paranormal realm: These people all have something in common."

As for why there should be so much alleged ghostly sex among us, Warren says, "Let's say, indeed, you can die, come back, and do whatever you want. What would you do? Would you be hanging out in an old cemetery or would you be in the girls' locker room? Most men would say the latter."

THE CLOSEST ENCOUNTER

If you're going to get it on with an extraterrestrial, then you could do much worse than a Brazilian lawyer named Antonio Villas Boas did, who claimed in October 1957 to have been seduced by a vibrant space chick with blood-red pubic hair who growled like a wild beast as the pair got it on.

According to Villas Boas, after being abducted from his family's farm by very human-looking aliens, he was taken aboard a craft from another world. His captors left the room and the woman appeared, fully naked.

"I became uncontrollably excited, sexually, a thing that had never happened to me before," recalled Villas Boas. "I ended up forgetting everything, and I caught hold of the woman, responded to her caresses with other and greater caresses." Demonstrating his lack of modesty, Villas Boas boasted, "That was what they wanted

of me—a good stallion to improve their own stock."

Or did they? UFO researcher Peter Rogerson has strong doubts about the credibility of Villas Boas's story. He points out that only a few months before Villas Boas first related his claims, a very similar account appeared in the November 1957 issue of the Brazilian periodical *O Cruzeiro*. Rogerson offers the possibility that Villas Boas, who died in 1992, borrowed details from this earlier account and used them to weave his own tale of alien sex—a sadly far less exciting scenario, but perhaps a more likely one.

On the other hand, believers in the Villas Boas case confidently state that alien sex did not begin and end with the lucky farmer-turned-lawyer: Such accounts continue to surface decades later. Today, even the merest mention of alien sex is likely to prompt jokes about what have become known infamously (and embarrassingly so for some who engage in UFO research) as "anal probes." Yep: apparently E.T. is a big fan of backdoor action. Who would have thought it?

But for many, this is no joke. In his best-selling 1987 book, *Communion,* Whitley Strieber detailed encounters with strange and disturbing otherworldly entities that he calls "the Visitors." One particularly harrowing one from December 1985, in which Strieber described being taken by his captors from his cabin in upstate New York, was a classic example.

According to Strieber, after having been moved to an unknown location—the inside of a UFO, some theorize—he was placed on a table and two "stocky" beings with gray-blue skin "drew my legs apart." Strieber claims that the pair showed him "an enormous and extremely ugly object, gray and scaly ... it was at least a foot long."

Worse still for Strieber was the object's final destination: "They inserted this thing into my rectum. It seemed to swarm into me as if it had a life of its own." Unsurprisingly, he added: "... at the time I had the impression that I was being raped...."

Despite the graphic nature of the encounter, a near-subculture mocking such experiences has since surfaced. The very first episode of Comedy Central's phenomenally successful series *South Park,* from 1997, was titled "Cartman Gets an Anal Probe."

Stories of alien sex show no signs of abating. In 2009, Anomalist Books published Farah Yurdozu's book *Love in an Alien Purgatory,* which told the story of David Huggins, who, we are informed, has fathered no less than 60 human/alien hybrid children. And guess what: The moms may be from faraway worlds, but they are *hot*! They're curvy, have great tits, have long black hair, and are very eager to please. They're quite the voyeurs, too.

On one occasion, while in the company of a bunch of gothlike babes from beyond, Yurdozu claims "two Hybrid women" made it very clear what they wanted from lucky Huggins. One of the pair, the author says, "put her hands under her breasts and raised them up, as the other crossed her arms under her breasts and lifted them up. The meaning was clear in any culture; the Hybrid women wanted to have sex with him."

Not only that, but there was an audience of aliens ready to savor the intergalactic action. Huggins, however, did not share their approach. "Can we have a bit of privacy?" he pleaded. The room emptied, but the extraterrestrials weren't ready to totally give up their chance to watch. As Huggins got it on with one of the women, says Yurdozu, "the others watched from a discreet distance."

BIG FOOT, LITTLE DICK

Loren Coleman, an authority on America's most famous monster, Sasquatch, and the author of *Bigfoot! The True Story of Apes in America,* has boldly dared to go where most other monster hunters fear to tread: in search of Bigfoot's sex life. Coleman, the owner of the International Cryptozoology Museum in Portland, Maine, states, "Too many American researchers were prudishly ignoring the sex angle. I started challenging Bigfooters that if you're going to talk about this as a biological species, we have to take seriously that these things are having sex."

And maybe Bigfoot is not just having sex with its own kind. Coleman says, "I give a lecture called 'Sex and the Single Sasquatch.' People laugh at first, but then they start thinking. What I've found in the sexual realm is that, as opposed to the fantasy that most people might assume—of a well-endowed Bigfoot having sex with native girls—the reality of the sexual aspects is mostly in regard to human men being kidnapped to have sex with a younger, female Bigfoot."

Coleman states that those who have been up-close-and-personal enough to see the male Bigfoot's member have described it as being "very small." For Coleman, this is a plus (although, perhaps not for Mrs. Bigfoot); he says, "This connects very favorably with the fact that gorillas and orangutans have small penises, too. This suggests that Bigfoot is also some type of ape." He continues, "Bigfoot researchers have been so embarrassed by the sexuality of Bigfoot that they have been leaving out a major piece of data that, as serious researchers, we should be looking at, because it actually enhances our case that they're real animals."

Our final words go to Joshua P. Warren, who says, "We cannot deny the inherent absurdity and humor of paranormal sex; but we must realize that, whether the event is the product of an outside force, or if the observer subconsciously creates the experience themselves, this is a very tangible thing for those who undergo it, and it should be investigated seriously."

Nick Redfern is the author of many books on paranormal subjects, including *There's Something in the Woods, Strange Secrets*, and *Memoirs of a Monster Hunter*.

In Your Face

Here's a news item that could one day put Avon ladies out of business: Scientists have discovered antiaging properties in jizz! That's right—the famous urban legend touted by teenage boys everywhere actually has some truth to it.

Researchers at Graz University in Austria found that a compound in sperm called spermidine slows down aging and stretches the life span of yeast, worms, and mice, as well as human blood cells, by protecting them from damage. *Suh-weet!*

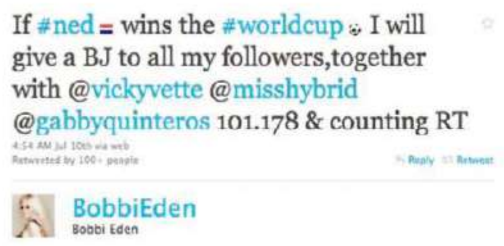
But is this for real? Are men actually walking, talking, and ejaculating Fountains of Youth? Or were these "scientists" really a bunch of frat dudes who made up the story so women would blow them?

The fact is, this potentially earth-shattering news is legit. But if the secret to longevity is as simple as taking a load in the face, people might never have regular old vaginal intercourse again. The human race will die out! My panicked mind is envisioning a *Children of Men*–style scenario until I remember that semen is one natural resource that's never in short supply. And while the study's findings are real, the U.K.'s National Health Service is quick to point out that "this is early research into how a chemical affects mice and cells in a lab."

In other words, a miracle jizz pill is still a long way off. However, the spermine substance (found in spermidine) is currently being synthesized in laboratories and sold by a Norwegian company called Bioforskning (which itself sounds like a dangerous act involving the penis and a pair of clippers).

And thanks to those good folks at Bioforskning, spermine facials are now available in America. Just don't Google the words "sperm facial" at work. Trust me.—*Reverend Jen*

THE CUP'S HALF NAKED



If #ned wins the #worldcup I will give a BJ to all my followers,together with @vickyvette @misshybrid @gabbyquinteros 101.178 & counting RT

4:54 AM Jul 10th via web
Retweeted by 100+ people

The 2010 World Cup marked the year soccer finally achieved parity with other major sports in the United States, inspiring the kind of passion we Americans usually associate with, say, sex. A cursory search of the internet reveals that sex and soccer are inextricably intertwined in foreign minds as well, sometimes in unexpected ways.

In Holland, sultry porn superstar Bobbi Eden promised to fellate each and every one of her more than 100,000 Twitter followers if her nation's team won the Cup. Of course, the result of the final was crushingly disappointing for her expectant fans (and Dutch fans in general), and there was no happiness in the Low Countries, where blue balls joined the plain old blues as the order of the day.

In South America, the excruciatingly beautiful Paraguayan lingerie model Larissa Riquelme (below, right) blogged that she would run naked through the streets of Asunción if her team won the Cup. While the Paraguayans were eliminated by Spain in the quarterfinals, the heroic Riquelme maintained her resolve to strut her long-legged stuff regardless, but finally settled for wider exposure with a bare-all photo spread in *Diario Popular*.

In England—the country credited with the invention of soccer—an artist known as "Ben Dover and Take It" circulated an online X-rated video pep rally (along with a soft-core version) to stiffen the British team's resolve. Alas, the gambit may only have served to distract the players from matters on the playing field: They were eliminated in the second round by their archrival in countless international matches (and two world wars): Germany.

So, do sex and sport not mix? These erotic incentives did nothing toward the victory of their home teams. In fact, a poll of South African prostitutes, who by all rights expected business to boom with the influx of World Cup tourism, revealed that instead there was a major drop in the sex trade. Dedicated fans who had made the trip were there to watch soccer, and thus kept their eyes solely on the ball.—*Coral Vincent*

Larissa Riquelme

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (IN YOUR FACE) MIRA/ALAMY, (RIQUELME) LUIS VERA/STRINGER/GETTY IMAGES, (HOLY BLOWJOB, BATMAN!) MAXIMILIAN WEINZIERL/ALAMY

HOLY BLOWJOB, BATMAN!

Bats are renowned for their aural talents. But what about oral?

Researchers observing fruit bats witnessed the first oral sex known to take place outside the primate world. Biologist Libiao Zhang and his team were watching courtship rituals of the bats, and were surprised to see the female bats licking the penises of the males. Of the canoodling pairs observed, 70 percent of the females went down on their males—possibly a higher rate than the average human hookup. Intercourse lasted twice as long for the females who gave their men a little mouth action—enough incentive for any girl to get down and dirty. Researchers feel that this discovery may mean there are evolutionary reasons for oral sex—or maybe the batgirls just know how to keep their men happy in the batcave.

One caveat: Several months after the study and an explicit accompanying video were made public, an Irish biologist named Dylan Evans was charged with sexual harassment for showing the report to a female colleague who found it inappropriate and offensive. Despite Evans's protests that he was merely sharing an interesting scientific paper, he was ordered by the University College Cork to undergo two years of counseling, and is in danger of not getting tenure.—*Christine Colby*

COITUS INTERRUPTUS

Clockwise from left: Craig Robinson, Bree Olson, and Sean Gunn; James Gunn and Sasha Grey; and Nathan Fillion and Aria Giovanni.

Filmmaker James Gunn got his start in low-budget exploitation films, with Lloyd Kaufman's infamous Troma studios. After honing his skills, he moved on to the big time, writing the screenplay for the 2002 *Scooby-Doo* movie, which grossed almost $300 million. In addition to penning the sequel, he received accolades for his reimagining of the zombie classic *Dawn of the Dead*. His directorial debut, *Slither,* earned critical respect and several horror-genre awards. With the upcoming *Super,* his star is only rising, so naturally, he's been writing and directing *PG Porn:* "for people who love everything about porn ... except the sex."

PG Porn features Penthouse Pets Sasha Grey, Aria Giovanni, and Bree Olson, among other actresses, in typical stroke-film situations, except they're all plot and innuendo, without the nudity and sex.

Ever wanted to fast-forward through the dirty stuff to see what happens? We haven't either, but *PG Porn* offers just that, with hilarious acknowledgment of how bad much of the "acting" in porn is. In addition to the female adult stars, the videos—viewable on JamesGunn.com—feature Gunn himself, *V*'s Alan Tudyk, Joe Fria, Craig Robinson (*The Office*), *Castle* star Nathan Fillion, and *Gilmore Girls*'s Sean Gunn, who's also one of James's brothers. The stereotypical *wocka-wocka* musical score is provided by heavy hitter Tyler Bates, known for scoring *300, Watchmen,* and *The Devil's Rejects.*

PG Porn titles are just as funny as real adult films—"High Poon," "Genital Hospital," and "Nailing Your Wife," in which construction-site high jinks result in Aria Giovanni being accidentally shot in the head with a nail gun, putting a stop to the blowjob about to happen. That's the worst case of premature ejaculation we've ever heard of.—*C.C.*

love in the afternoon

After spending the morning shopping for skimpy new outfits to wear to their friend's post-breakup girls' night, Madelyn and Laurie indulge in truly satisfying afternoon delights. By evening, they'll be ready to hit the clubs, pick up some lucky guys, and continue to satiate each and every one of their erotic desires.

Photographs by Misha

WE'RE LOOKING FOR THE HOTTEST GIRLS IN AMERICA.
GO TO PENTHOUSEMODELS.COM.
SEE MORE OF MADELYN AND LAURIE AT PENTHOUSE.COM.

DOUBLE EXPOSURE

Relationships may be more complicated than ever, but the eternal truth is, sex is—and should be—good. In order to help you get the most out of your sex life, you need advice from experts on both sides of the bed.

By Martin Downs, M.P.H., and Victoria Zdrok, Ph.D.

■ COUGAR CHASING

I'm a 24-year-old Italian guy who's also a virgin. I like to watch videos of cougars and hot MILFs—basically any video with mature women with big breasts. Why does a guy like me find it exciting to see older women as protagonists rather than girls my own age? It's not the sex that excites me the most, but everything that leads up to it—like the undressing and the fondling and the kissing. When I fantasize about being in that kind of situation, I can jerk off in private. But in real life, I'm not sure I'd know what to do or how to act, and I'm afraid that things might not work out so well. Maybe sex with a "professional" would be better because I'd have nothing to prove. What do you advise?

The Pet doctor: You are the last person to need a "professional." Do you know how many hot MILFs and cougars would be thrilled to deflower a young Italian boy toy? There's no need to put any pressure on yourself about what to do or how to act—just let an older woman take over and show you the ropes. She'll be thrilled to do so. And there are plenty of online sites catering to women looking for young men, as well as clubs and cruises that specifically cater to MILF-loving males, so go for it.

You also should know that you're not unique in wanting older women. It's fairly common for a young man to find a mature, experienced, and sexually aggressive woman to be more appealing. With a cougar, he can forget his performance anxiety as she takes over the sexual scenario, and he doesn't have to figure out her "moan zone" or "awaken" her sexuality like he would with many women his own age. A mature woman in her sexual prime knows what she wants and happily asserts herself in the bedroom. Once you become sexually experienced yourself, there's no telling whether your lust for older women will persist—like Ashton Kutcher's does for Demi Moore—or whether you'll eventually become more attracted to women your own age. Either way, you're 24 and the world of women is your oyster, so prepare for the feast!

The Downs side: Actually, I would advise you to go ahead and seek the services of a professional. If I thought you were interested in meeting and dating older women, I might give you a different answer. But this sounds like a self-centered, fetishy kind of fantasy. The problem is that, regardless of age, most women looking to meet men want a relationship, hot sex, or both. A sweet and considerate *bella donna matura* who's seeking a 24-year-old virgin to mentor may be out there, but I'll lay odds that it would take you a long time to find her.

This sounds like a job best suited to a professional "provider" (aka prostitute, escort, or call girl) who would take care to give you exactly the experience you're after—expertly, kindly, and without judgment.

Lucky for you, Italy has a vastly more enlightened view of sex workers than we have in the United States. Italian law forbids pimping and brothels, but self-employed, independent sex workers there are free to ply their ancient trade legally. Potential clients can go to websites like TheEroticReview.com or Eros.com to browse reviews and information on providers.

Readers in countries under prohibition can also find providers at the above mentioned sites, but they must be very cautious about their activities so as to avoid a run-in with Johnny Law. Paying for sex is illegal everywhere in the U.S., except for a few counties in the state of Nevada.

Anyone who uses sexual services—not just call girls, but also strippers, professional dommes, etc.—would do well to pick up a book called *Paying for It: A Guide by Sex Workers for Their Clients,* edited by Greta Christina. It won't tell you how to arrange an illicit transaction, but it will give you an idea of what to expect from different kinds of service providers, and how to behave properly with them.

Having advised you to go get laid by a pro, I strongly caution you against *only* paying for sex, at the risk of never having a real relationship. Pursue your fantasy thing with an older lady, but also keep your eyes open for women you like, and who might like you for more than an hour.

THREE-WAY MY WAY

My girlfriend and I have talked about threesomes, and we're both up for it. The problem is that I want the third party to be a girl and she wants to bring home some guy from her job. It's starting to look as if our little fantasy is already doomed. Is there any way we can get past this one sticking point?

The Downs side: That's not a sticking point, it's a deal breaker. If you can't even agree on whether to bring a guy or a girl into a threesome, you're not ready to have one. Couples contemplating a threesome need to be really clear with each other about what exactly they want to do. Often it's that she's interested in playing with a girl, or he thinks he'd enjoy seeing another dude fuck his woman. No matter what might be in it for you, a threesome should always be just as much of a treat for your partner.

When threesomes go wrong, it's usually because one partner did it only to please the other. The effects of a threesome on a relationship are unpredictable; you could plan it carefully, with the clearest and best of intentions all around, and still have weirdness. But if a couple is really in it together, they're more or less equally to blame if it goes awry.

As for those three-ways that aren't exactly planned, people can usually blame booze or drugs if they feel bad about it the next day. Yes, it's possible to chalk up some regrettable behavior to having been wasted, and move on, but you shouldn't get fucked up just to obliterate your inhibitions, or to shirk responsibility for what might happen. With a little crank and Wild Turkey, you'd probably have no qualms about spit roasting your girlfriend with her friend from work. But I wouldn't recommend that as a means to an end.

I also want to tell you that it's okay to have limits. No one says that you have to try everything on the menu, and if you really don't want the MMF threesome, skip it. Also, be realistic. Fantasies don't always work out.

The Pet doctor: You don't say whether your girlfriend's objection to your dream three-way is based on her unwillingness to watch you balling another girl, or whether your objection to her idea of a man-woman-man tryst is similarly based. If either of these conditions apply, you should forget the threesome scenario. If not, remember that the key to any successful sexual relationship is compromise.

There is no reason why you can't try both varieties of threesomes, and, indeed, you could even arrange a foursome by hooking up with a couple instead—this way you get your extra girl and she gets her extra guy. However, stay away from anyone you know occupationally or socially. Her idea of bringing in a guy from her job is a really bad one—if things go sour, as often happens in multiple-partner scenarios, it would be really awkward for her to deal with him at work. The best thing for you two may be to join a good swinger site—AdultFriendFinder.com is the best—and to befriend an attractive couple seeking the same kind of experiences. That way you could enjoy a wide variety of pairings and multipartner matchups.

BONE DRY

I'm in good health and have a normal sex life, but now when I orgasm, there's no ejaculate. It feels like I came, but there's no fluid. Is this something that will pass, or should I be concerned?

The Downs side: Remember that TV ad for the drug Flomax—you think you have a "going" problem, but actually you have a "growing" problem? Well, Flomax could be the cause of your "coming" problem. Drugs prescribed to treat an enlarged prostate, especially Flomax, have been linked to anejaculation and retrograde ejaculation.

Anejaculation means, literally, no ejaculation. Like a prepubescent boy, you can have an orgasm, but there's no semen. With retrograde ejaculation, semen backfires into your bladder, instead of being shot out through your urethra.

I'll spare you the explanation for why drugs for enlarged prostates may have this side effect, but if you're up on terms like "binding affinity for the 5-HT and D2" receptors, and "8-OH-DPAT-induced contractions of the bulbospongiosus muscle," let me know, and I'll send you some medical-journal articles.

Other drugs that may cause retrograde ejaculation or anejaculation include medications for high blood pressure and bipolar disorder.

If it's not a problem with your medication, it could be related to nerve damage caused by diabetes, or tumors of the bladder and prostate.

All by itself, a dry orgasm isn't harmful, unless you're in porn or you're trying to sire a kid. But because other health problems could be involved, it's worth going to the doctor to find out what's wrong with your jizzer.

The Pet doctor: There are several possible reasons for having low ejaculate volume, and all of them call for medical attention. If you see virtually no ejaculate, it could be a sign of a blockage, a retrograde ejaculation, or low androgen levels. Some doctors advise that if your ejaculate amounts to less than one milliliter per orgasm, you should have a semen analysis, which would help to rule out retrograde ejaculation. If you do have retrograde ejaculation, you may notice semen in your urine.

A blockage of ejaculatory ducts, vas deferens, or epididymis is usually accompanied by some pain or discomfort and also requires medical attention. This diagnosis could be determined by radiologic studies, such as an ultrasound of your prostate or a vasography.

Another possible cause of low ejaculate volume is low androgen (testosterone) levels, as your body relies on testosterone for semen production. There are numerous ways of increasing your testosterone naturally, such as weight lifting, exposure to sun, and various herbal concoctions—and a number of pharmaceutical solutions as well. Basically, if you are not exaggerating and there is really nothing, you've got to see a doc.

SECRETS AND LIES

My boyfriend says we should share our fantasies—that it will bring us closer and that we might even have some fun with it by roleplaying with each other. I love trying new stuff, but I don't think he'll want to hear about how I sometimes fantasize about my ex-boyfriend, or the hunky new guy who moved into my building last month. I love my boyfriend, but sometimes picturing someone else during sex is just fun. Should I lie and make up something just to please him?

The Downs side: Oh, for crying out loud. Yes, of course, it's fun to share fantasies with your partner—except if they're about someone else.

"Sharing" doesn't have to mean sharing *everything*. Some things we ought to keep to ourselves, not because they're wicked thoughts that we shouldn't have, but because no good would come of telling.

You can assume that your boyfriend fantasizes about other women every day. But if he told you the half of it, it'd drive you mad with jealousy. And hearing that he pretended you were his ex when he was fucking you ... ouch. Am I right? After that, you'd always wonder, wouldn't you?

The point of sharing sexual fantasies is not to confess your secrets; it's to brainstorm about things you could do together. They may not be acted on immediately, if ever, but it's understood that they are possibilities. If you were to concoct something, whatever it was, he very well might try to do it with you. Then you'd have to cop to lying, which would make him feel like an ass, or else go along with it to maintain the lie. That's the stuff of comedy—or tragedy.

Tell the truth, but think of a less offensive way to put it. For example, say you'd be into a threesome with another guy (without naming names).

Surely you have some other fantasies, too. Think outside the box. A sexual fantasy doesn't always have to include other people. It doesn't even have to flout any taboos. It could be, dare I say, romantic: Maybe you've fantasized about wine and roses and a flat in Paris. A fantasy could also be whimsical, such as doing it underwater in scuba gear. It also could be something so completely your own that no one would ever guess.

The Pet doctor: To fully answer this question, I'd have to know the nature of your relationship with your boyfriend. What is the degree of trust, openness of communication, and comfort you have with each other? How intimate, stable, and committed is your relationship? Do you frequently share emotionally charged information with each other? Is your boyfriend a jealous and insecure type who would feel threatened by your prior paramours? Since I don't have the answers to these questions, I would advise you to err on the side of nondisclosure. My rule of thumb for secret sharing is: If in doubt, keep your mouth shut. What someone doesn't know usually doesn't hurt them, but information can really sting if the relationship is not ready for it.

But fantasizing about someone else during sex doesn't have to be a problem. Most guys won't be jealous of your fantasies about having sex with some Hollywood hunk, because they can be fairly sure you will never be in a position to act on that fantasy—and most men have had similar fantasies about screwing their favorite female porn star or movie hottie.

Since I'm sure that you both can imagine yourselves hooking up with the heroes of your favorite films, you could have a "Brad and Angelina" night or pretend to be another hot Hollywood couple. If that still invokes some jealous vibes, you could substitute your favorite fictional characters from books or movies for that ex-boyfriend or new neighbor. You'll want to study up on your pretend paramour's love scenes and practice your acting, but there is no reason your and your boyfriend's fantasies can't have a Hollywood ending.

PHOTOGRAPH BY CORBIS

Submit your questions about sex, relationships, and women to Martin and/or Victoria at sexed@ffn.com.

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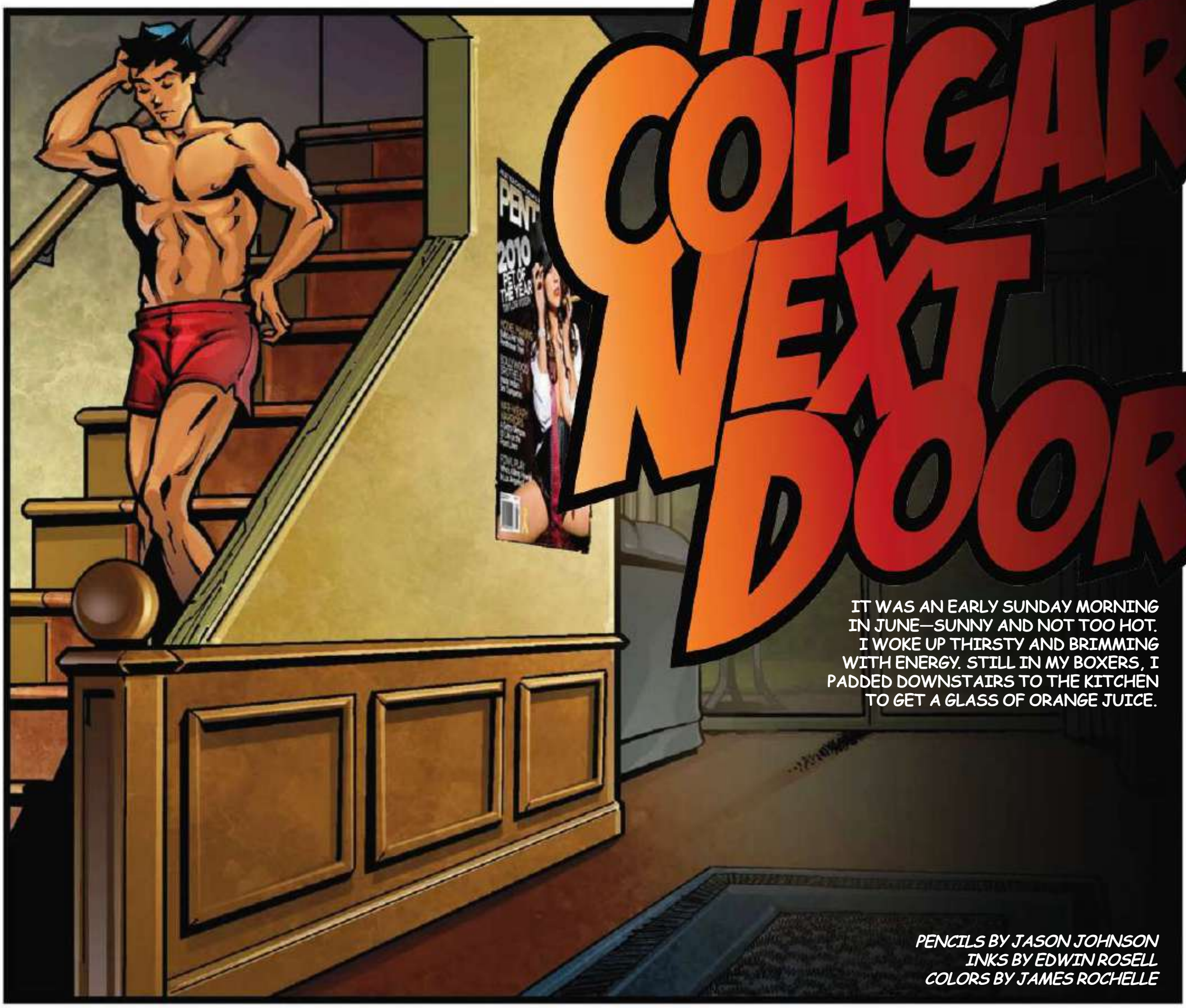
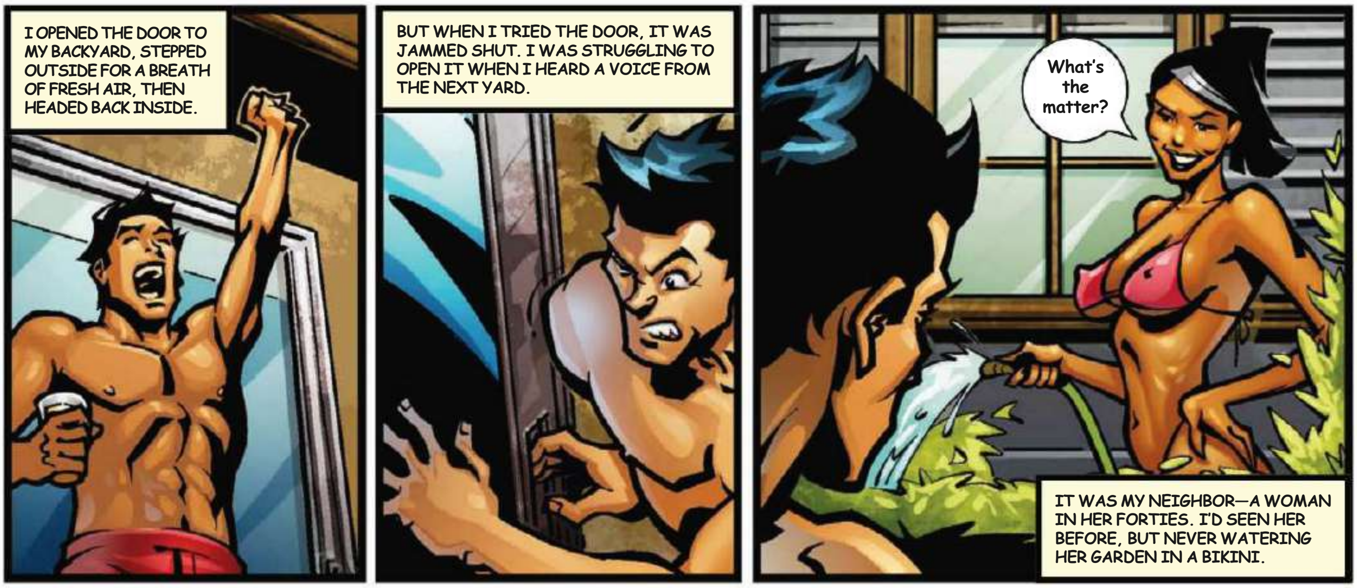
THE COUGAR NEXT DOOR



IT WAS AN EARLY SUNDAY MORNING IN JUNE—SUNNY AND NOT TOO HOT. I WOKE UP THIRSTY AND BRIMMING WITH ENERGY. STILL IN MY BOXERS, I PADDED DOWNSTAIRS TO THE KITCHEN TO GET A GLASS OF ORANGE JUICE.

PENCILS BY JASON JOHNSON
INKS BY EDWIN ROSELL
COLORS BY JAMES ROCHELLE

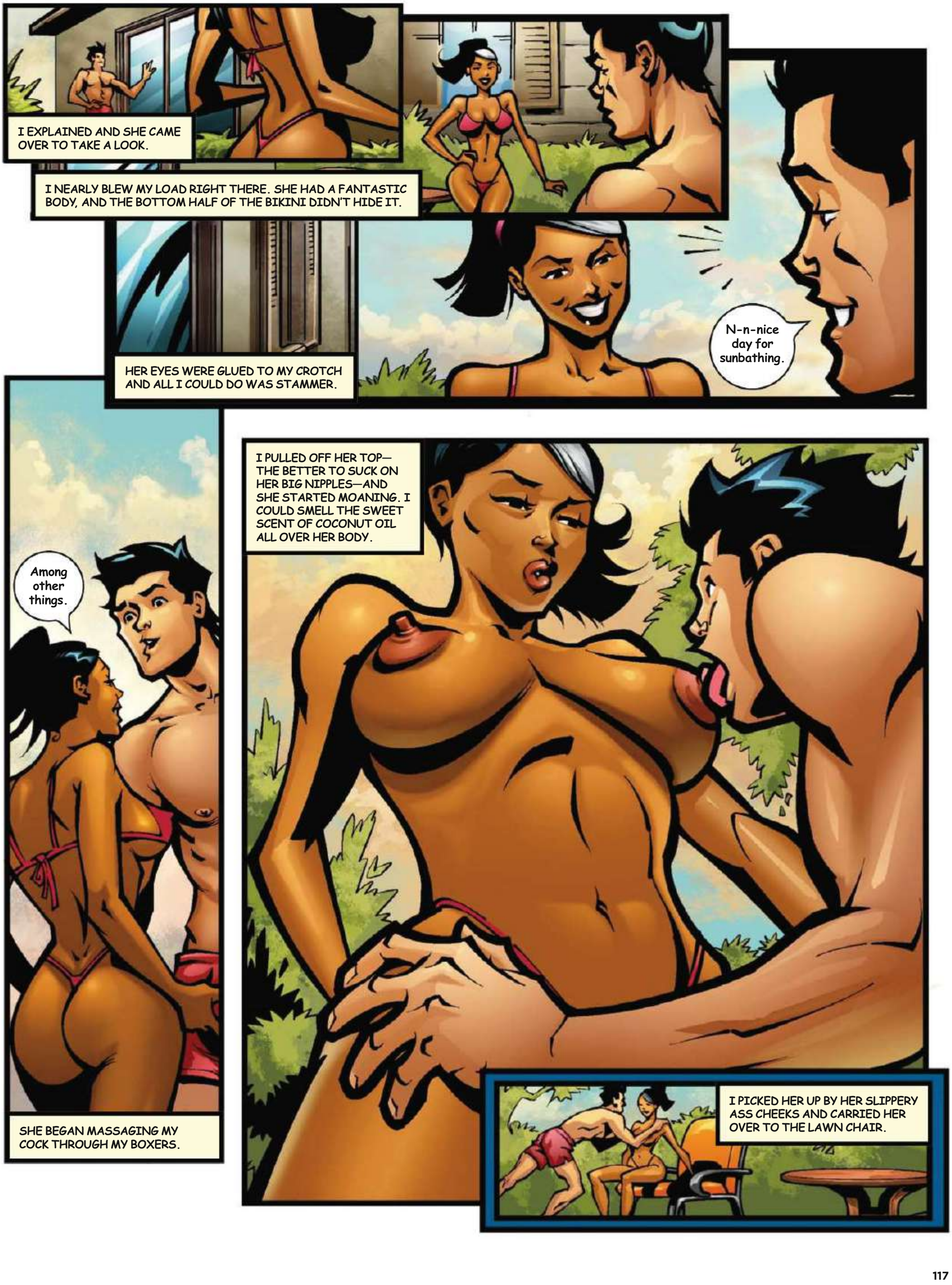


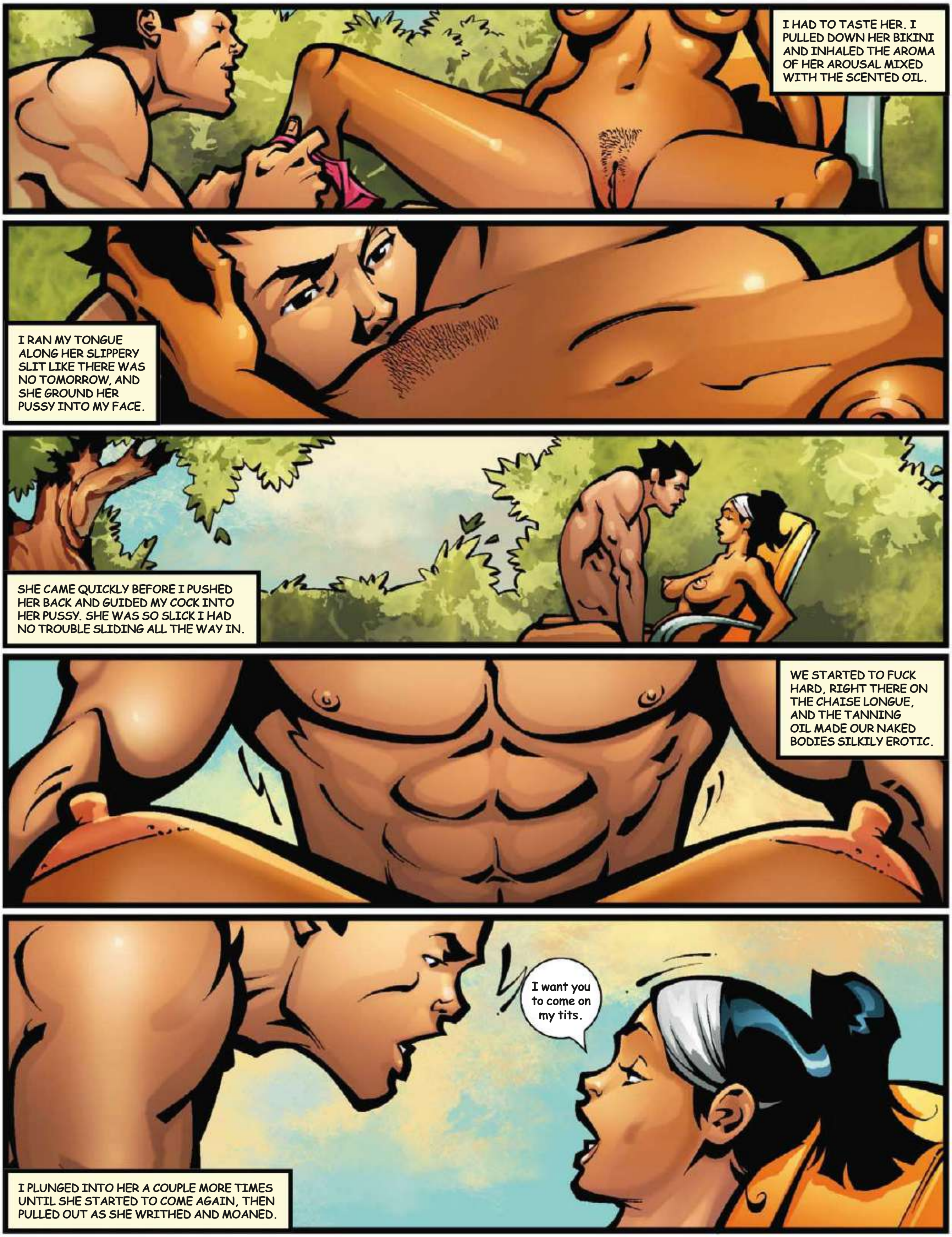
I OPENED THE DOOR TO MY BACKYARD, STEPPED OUTSIDE FOR A BREATH OF FRESH AIR, THEN HEADED BACK INSIDE.

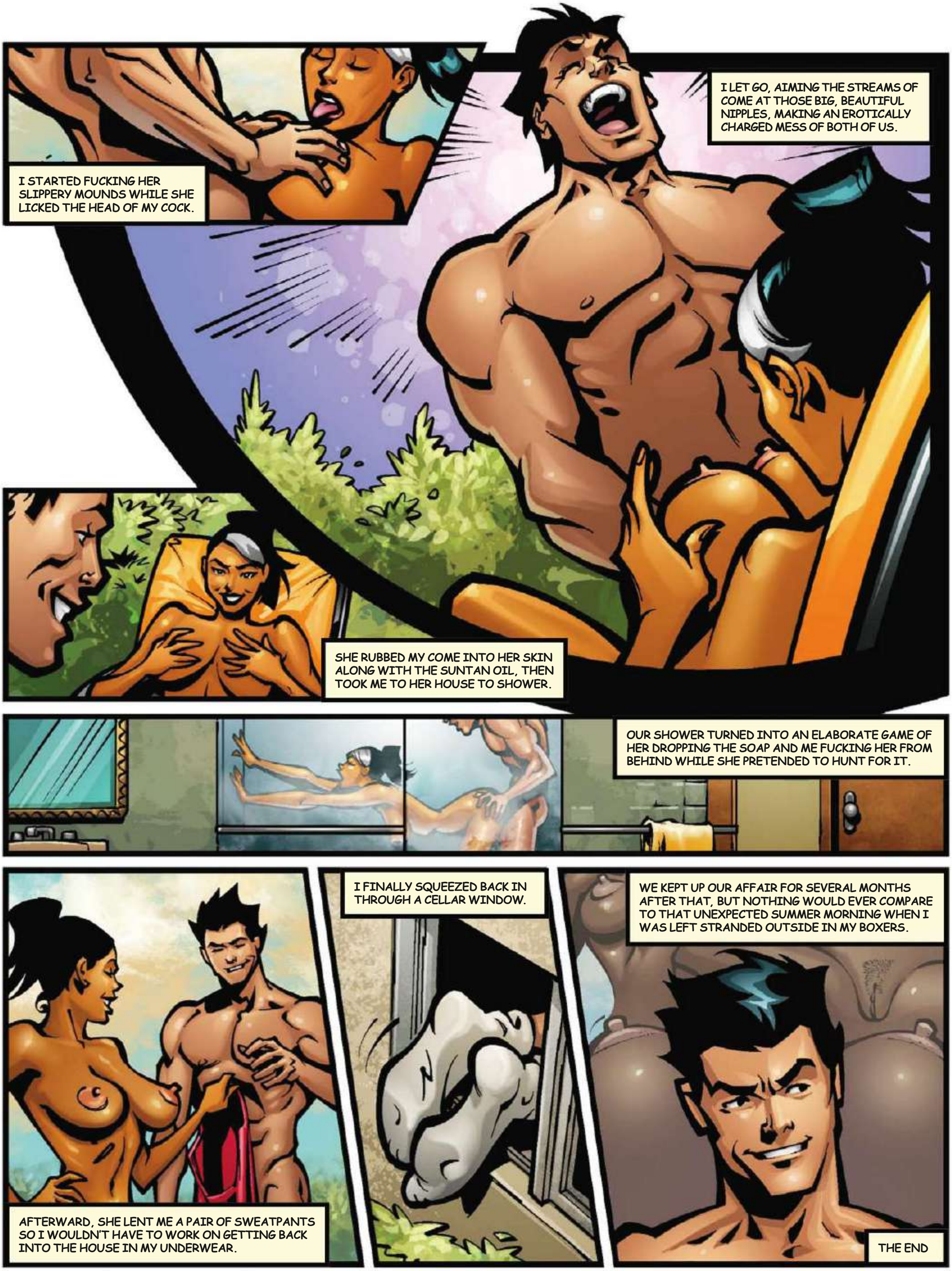
BUT WHEN I TRIED THE DOOR, IT WAS JAMMED SHUT. I WAS STRUGGLING TO OPEN IT WHEN I HEARD A VOICE FROM THE NEXT YARD.

What's the matter?

IT WAS MY NEIGHBOR—A WOMAN IN HER FORTIES. I'D SEEN HER BEFORE, BUT NEVER WATERING HER GARDEN IN A BIKINI.


I EXPLAINED AND SHE CAME OVER TO TAKE A LOOK.
I NEARLY BLEW MY LOAD RIGHT THERE. SHE HAD A FANTASTIC BODY, AND THE BOTTOM HALF OF THE BIKINI DIDN'T HIDE IT.
HER EYES WERE GLUED TO MY CROTCH AND ALL I COULD DO WAS STAMMER.
N-n-nice day for sunbathing.
Among other things.
SHE BEGAN MASSAGING MY COCK THROUGH MY BOXERS.
I PULLED OFF HER TOP— THE BETTER TO SUCK ON HER BIG NIPPLES—AND SHE STARTED MOANING. I COULD SMELL THE SWEET SCENT OF COCONUT OIL ALL OVER HER BODY.
I PICKED HER UP BY HER SLIPPERY ASS CHEEKS AND CARRIED HER OVER TO THE LAWN CHAIR.


I HAD TO TASTE HER. I PULLED DOWN HER BIKINI AND INHALED THE AROMA OF HER AROUSAL MIXED WITH THE SCENTED OIL.
I RAN MY TONGUE ALONG HER SLIPPERY SLIT LIKE THERE WAS NO TOMORROW, AND SHE GROUND HER PUSSY INTO MY FACE.
SHE CAME QUICKLY BEFORE I PUSHED HER BACK AND GUIDED MY COCK INTO HER PUSSY. SHE WAS SO SLICK I HAD NO TROUBLE SLIDING ALL THE WAY IN.
WE STARTED TO FUCK HARD, RIGHT THERE ON THE CHAISE LONGUE, AND THE TANNING OIL MADE OUR NAKED BODIES SILKILY EROTIC.
I want you to come on my tits.
I PLUNGED INTO HER A COUPLE MORE TIMES UNTIL SHE STARTED TO COME AGAIN, THEN PULLED OUT AS SHE WRITHED AND MOANED.


I STARTED FUCKING HER SLIPPERY MOUNDS WHILE SHE LICKED THE HEAD OF MY COCK.
I LET GO, AIMING THE STREAMS OF COME AT THOSE BIG, BEAUTIFUL NIPPLES, MAKING AN EROTICALLY CHARGED MESS OF BOTH OF US.
SHE RUBBED MY COME INTO HER SKIN ALONG WITH THE SUNTAN OIL, THEN TOOK ME TO HER HOUSE TO SHOWER.
OUR SHOWER TURNED INTO AN ELABORATE GAME OF HER DROPPING THE SOAP AND ME FUCKING HER FROM BEHIND WHILE SHE PRETENDED TO HUNT FOR IT.
AFTERWARD, SHE LENT ME A PAIR OF SWEATPANTS SO I WOULDN'T HAVE TO WORK ON GETTING BACK INTO THE HOUSE IN MY UNDERWEAR.
I FINALLY SQUEEZED BACK IN THROUGH A CELLAR WINDOW.
WE KEPT UP OUR AFFAIR FOR SEVERAL MONTHS AFTER THAT, BUT NOTHING WOULD EVER COMPARE TO THAT UNEXPECTED SUMMER MORNING WHEN I WAS LEFT STRANDED OUTSIDE IN MY BOXERS.
THE END

american beauty

The Penthouse Clubs are much more than where the magazine comes to life: They're a vital source of exotic and erotic models for your enjoyment. This month we're pleased to feature a Key Girl from the Penthouse Club New Orleans, 21-year-old Anya Rose, whose luscious 36-27-40 curves let the good times roll in the Big Easy.

Photographs by Preston Geoffrey Parker

“The hottest sex scene I’ve seen in a Hollywood movie is in *Mr. & Mrs. Smith*. I love that it’s so rough!”

"I was at a club once with a friend and this really hot guy started dancing with me. Pretty soon we were making out, then we went back to my house and had *great* sex."

“The most exciting place I’ve ever made love was during a flight on a private jet. It was an amazing way to join the Mile-High Club.”

"I was a 'mean girl' in high school, so I would never have a physical fight. I like to slay my competition verbally!"

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INTEROFFICE INTERCOURSE

Penthouse Letters

One of the best things about going to work—indeed, sometimes the only good thing—is wondering how hot it would be to screw a female coworker instead of bolstering the boss's bottom line. If you've ever had, or dreamed of, an office romance, you know how exciting coupling on company time can be. Those scenarios come to life as narrator (and 2010 Penthouse Pet of the Year) Taylor Vixen shows you what "human resources" really means. Easily the most aggressive fuck here, Chayse Evans turns in the best sexual performance, begging for cock harder, faster, and deeper every step of the way—and to partner Tony Ribas's credit, she gets it, too (at one point she starts chewing her own arm with excitement). Elsewhere, Dylan Riley delivers the goods while getting fucked in the company coffee room, and Victoria Lawson closes the show with a great scene that takes place during an out-of-town business trip. A fine effort that makes you wish your job could be this satisfying.

Above: Dylan Riley and Seth Gamble
Left: Chayse Evans and Tony Ribas

By Johnny Bronx

ASIAN EROTIC DREAMS
Penthouse Forum

Some of the hottest, horniest Asian actresses in adult video give knockout performances all around in this outstanding disc. Carmina Kai plays a massage-parlor girl servicing serviceman Evan Stone. The slim and sexy Kai embodies everything erotic about Asian women. From the look of coy, almost guilty passion on her face to the clots of come that glaze her at scene's end, Kai gives it everything she's got, and gets as well as she gives. My own personal Asian erotic dream girl, the lush and luscious Jessica Bangkok, plays a sex-crazed artist sizing up her subject. A bare-bones scenario, to be sure, but she transcends it with her typical unbridled enthusiasm. Also, make sure to check out Charmane Star's appearance as Randy Spears's Asian ideal. Highlighted by a beautifully shot sequence where she straddles him in a chair, hers is one of a host of performances that make this one for the permanent collection.

SCORNED
Penthouse Features

This tale of angry women and retribution is enhanced by the casting of two interesting actresses. Beverly Hills is not the typical starlet, standing five-foot-five with some actual curves on her body. When she rides her partner cowgirl or takes a fucking on her back, every bobble of her breasts is a pleasure to watch, her enthusiasm becoming more evident with every thrust. Fiery redhead Kylie Ireland, still exhibiting the same sexual ferocity that made her one of the darlings of the late nineties, performs a pair of scenes. Her two-girler with the lovely Adrianna Nicole, an adorable and compliant blonde down whose throat she stuffs a foot-long dildo, is without question the best on the disc. The other actresses included here—Jessica Lynn and Roxanne Hall—do fine work as well, but Hills and Ireland are the main attractions.

Above left: Jessica Bangkok and Seth Gamble
Above right: Jessica Lynn

All the DVDs reviewed in *Penthouse* can be purchased at PenthouseStore.com.

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FUCK BUDDIES

It was only nine o'clock, and my date was already over. What a fucking disaster. I'd met this hot French girl the week before at a club. In the light of the restaurant, though, she wasn't all that hot, and she couldn't carry on a conversation to save her life. But I was horny, so I called Sarah.

Sarah and I have been fuck buddies since our sophomore year of college, and we haven't given up the relationship since graduating. Whenever one of us has a bad date, the other is almost always called in to relieve the sexual frustration. A guaranteed great fuck was just what I needed.

Sarah showed up within 15 minutes of my call, and after a brief hello, we went straight to my bedroom. After we shut the door, we started kissing right away, our hands roaming over each other's body and pulling off any clothing that we could. When we'd exhausted all the easy-to-remove possibilities, we broke apart and stripped before jumping into bed.

Our hooking-up may have become a routine, but our fucking was still wild and fresh. There was just no way of knowing what a naked Sarah was going to do in bed. On this particular night, she wanted to be on top, and she wasted no time getting there, straddling my legs and jerking my shaft with her hand before diving in and sucking my dick. Sarah gives amazing head! Her soft lips wrapped around me and her tongue traced figure eights around my cockhead, flicking over the sensitive slit every so often. I was on the verge of climax when she stopped.

I was rock-hard and ready to be fucked, and Sarah was more than ready to give me what I needed. Sucking dick always gets her wet, so I didn't even have to do anything before she settled herself onto my cock, her warm cunt enveloping me in its folds. In seconds, Sarah was riding my cock like I was a wild stallion trying to throw her. Her slim hips were rocking back and forth as she used her strong thighs to lift herself up and down on my dick. This wasn't making love or having sex, this was just plain fucking, and that's exactly what we both wanted.

She rode me for several minutes, her small tits bobbing in front of me while her round ass slapped against my thighs. I was close to coming again, and I grabbed Sarah's hips to hold her so I could meet her thrusts. I started pumping into her from below, my back arching and hips rising from the bed with each thrust. Our bodies were slapping together, joined at the pelvis, and I was ready to blow.

I fucked her harder, and she rode me as fast as she could, her body almost a blur. Then I came, exploding into her with such force I thought I'd blow her clear off the bed. Instead, it set her off, and she came right after me, our juices mixing inside her cunt.

When we'd both cooled off, Sarah got dressed and went home—she had to get ready to go out with some girlfriends later. I washed off and turned on the TV for some late-night comedy. We have the perfect arrangement, and I don't plan to change it anytime soon.—*J.M., Florida*

She rode me hard, her small tits bobbing in front of me while her ass slapped against my thighs.

UPTOWN (S)EXPRESS

Not that long ago, I was reading my favorite author's blog and saw that she'd recently been in my city. I couldn't believe I'd missed her, but it was the rest of her post that really got to me. She wrote that she'd taken the subway back to her hotel after her signing, and it was late, after midnight. "There was no one on the train," she wrote, "and I've always had a fantasy of being naked on the subway, so I stripped and rode several stops naked." No one saw her, she wrote, because there were hardly any people boarding at that hour.

I shuddered at the thought of riding the subway bare-ass naked, but the more I thought about it, the more exciting it seemed. In fact, it was starting to turn me on. But I didn't think I'd ever have the nerve to be naked on the subway. *There are other things I can do on the subway, though,* I thought, a plan already forming.

The next night, when my girlfriend and I went out, I was prepared. I wore a short skirt and a slightly looser shirt than usual. Underneath I wore a flimsy lace bra—and nothing else. And instead of my usual tiny clutch, I brought along my big canvas beach bag. Lucy, as always, was in a short, flirty dress, and I had a feeling that if she were wearing underwear—which

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is a rarity for her—it would at most be a thong, probably a skimpy G-string.

We went to dinner at our favorite restaurant downtown, then met some friends for a few drinks. It was two in the morning before we were ready to head back to my apartment. Lucy suggested a cab, but I told her we should just take the train. "Why waste the money?" I said, appealing to her sense of fiscal responsibility. After only a second's hesitation, she was following me down the stairs into the deserted subway station.

While we waited for the train, I teased her, caressing her palm with my fingers and whispering in her ear all the dirty things I wanted to do with her when we got to my place. I released her hand and started rubbing her ass through her dress as I continued to share my naughty thoughts, and then I started kissing her neck, making sure to pay attention to the sweet spot behind her ear. By the time the train came, she was hot and bothered and dying to get home.

On the train, I continued teasing her, stroking her thighs as we made out passionately. We had 15 stops before we had to get off, but that wasn't much time at all, so I had to act fast. At the first stop, I started to slip my hand under the hem of her dress to caress her inner thigh. At the second stop, I reached into the panties she'd worn and started fondling her pussy. By the fourth stop I'd coaxed her hand into my lap and had hoisted my bag onto our laps to block our actions from anyone who might enter the car. At the fifth stop, Lucy looked at me like I was crazy and tried to get me to stop, telling me we'd get caught. But two stops later, all was forgotten. My plan was working!

Lucy's fingers were buried in my pussy and mine in hers. She was stroking me gently while I thoroughly finger-fucked her, wildly thrusting in and out of her. The more I fucked her, the more adventurous she became, and by the time I'd dropped my bag so I would have more room to add a second hand, she'd lifted my skirt up, exposing my pussy.

I pulled Lucy onto my lap so I could reach her better and she could still finger me, and in that position I was able to pump my fingers into her pussy while I tweaked her clit. She kept fingering me with just one hand, using the other to reach back and stroke my hair—a move that she knows never fails to excite me.

When Lucy started panting and tangled her fist in my hair, I knew she was close. I picked up my pace, my fingers pistoning in and out of her cunt and my thumb frantically rubbing her hot clit. We only had three stops left, and I wanted to get her off before we disembarked. Luckily, that happened only moments later. Lucy started to shake and moan, and then I felt her pussy flood. Her climax spurred her on and she continued to finger-fuck me until I, too, exploded in orgasm.

As the train pulled into the second stop, I reached into Lucy's panties and started fondling her pussy.

The seat we were on grew sticky with come, and when we calmed down we hopped up so as not to mess up our skirts. We straightened ourselves out just as the train pulled into our stop, and the minute we got out of the cool subway car, it was like nothing had happened, it had all been a fantasy. Only the slick juices running down our thighs gave away our secret.—*S.B., New York*

NAUGHTY NIGHTCAP

I don't usually hook up with strangers, but when I met Dave, I really couldn't help myself. I was at this dive bar, waiting for my friends. We were supposed to have a girls' night, with lots of drinking and dancing and no-boys-allowed fun. But the girls were all running late, so I was sitting at the bar alone, having a drink.

I'd been there maybe 20 minutes when the bartender brought me a refill, telling me it was from the guy a few stools away. *How cheesy,* I thought, and contemplated sending it back, but the guy was actually really hot. I figured I may as well have some fun before the girls got there, so I waved him over.

Dave was the epitome of tall, dark, and handsome, and he said he hadn't seen a girl alone at a bar in ages and was intrigued by me. The way he looked at me when he said this set my pussy on fire. I didn't bother telling him I was waiting for my friends. I wasn't waiting for them anymore, anyway. The only thing I was thinking about now was him.

I threw my flirtation into overdrive and batted my eyes, flipped my hair, and touched his arm, his thigh, and his chest as much as possible. I wanted him, badly, and I really hoped he'd make his next move soon. Lucky for me, Dave wasn't the take-it-slow type. When we'd finished our drinks, he suggested we go back to his place for a nightcap. It was only 9:30, but I was more than ready to leave.

As our cab pulled into traffic, I saw my friends turning the corner toward the bar. I had every intention of waving, but before I could raise my arm,

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Dave had my head in his hands and was kissing me fiercely. I got lost in the way his tongue parted my lips and battled with my own, his hands tangling in my hair, pulling it just enough to arouse me. When the cab stopped, the driver almost had to throw us out.

Inside Dave's apartment, things only got better. I took the lead, pulling off my T-shirt the minute the door closed, then ridding him of his. He barely had time to kiss me again before I moved on to his pants, ripping his belt out of its loops and popping the button on his fly before tugging them down. I let him finish undressing himself while I got out of my own clothing. Then Dave grabbed me and practically dragged me to his bedroom, where he flung me onto the bed and sheathed his cock with a condom before crawling on top of me.

As he kissed me, I felt his hard cock pressing against me. He was as ready as I was, and as he kissed me, I reached between our bodies to guide his stiff cock into my pussy. He pushed all the way inside, filling me nicely, and then pulled right back out, until just the tip was enveloped by my pussy. Soon his strokes got faster and harder and deeper, and I loved it! I tangled one hand in his hair to pull him down for a kiss while my other hand went between our bodies to play with my clit.

Dave really fucked me then, pounding into my body with more force than I thought I could stand—and I couldn't get over how arousing it was. Not just the hard fuck, but the fact that I knew nothing about Dave except his first name and his favorite drink—whiskey on the rocks. I felt like nothing but the sex mattered and let myself enjoy the moment for what it was: pure lust-fueled rutting. In a few minutes, I came.

I screamed so loud I was sure the neighbors would complain. Dave didn't seem to care, though, as he was too lost in his own climax. Our sweat-soaked bodies rocked together as we fucked through our orgasms, and I reveled in the sensations sweeping through me.

As soon as it was over, I was dressed and out the door, on my way back to the bar. Why ruin a good thing by sticking around? Besides, it was girls' night, and there were no boys allowed.—*F.L., New York*

It was so arousing that I knew nothing about Dave except his first name and his favorite drink.

■ JOIN THE CLUB

When we had to cancel our last swing party because everyone else was going on vacation, we decided to venture out to one of the new local swing clubs. I'd read about it online, and it seemed like the kind of place where Gina and I would fit in just fine.

Gina put on her sexiest lingerie—an orange lace bra-and-panty set with stockings and garters—while I wore my usual slacks and shirt, and a pair of silk boxers. Then we threw on our coats and drove to the club. When we got there, it was already alive with people, and there were at least three dozen couples. I spotted a few who weren't our type, but for the most part, everyone there seemed to live up to—and exceed—our expectations. Gina felt so comfortable that she shucked her coat immediately, and I was down to my silk boxers in no time. We mingled with other couples and had a few drinks—then we met Jasmine and Rocco.

Jasmine was a curvy, dark-skinned woman—she looked Middle Eastern—and I was instantly drawn to her. Her long black hair was absolutely luminescent, and her voluptuous figure was eye-catching, to say the least. From the corner of my eye, I could see that Gina was just as taken with Rocco. It seemed like they were checking us out too, and a minute later they approached us. Rocco said that he'd been eyeing Gina ever since she entered the club. "She's absolutely stunning," he told me, as if I didn't already know. "I saw you looking at Jasmine, by the way. If the girls are interested in playing, I'd love to swap."

Rocco had definitely piqued my interest, and when I looked over to see if Gina had heard, I saw that she was too busy chatting with Jasmine to notice us. Then I saw her point back and forth between Rocco and me and I knew the girls were making plans very similar to ours. The four of us quickly and quietly discussed switching partners, then recoupled and hurried off to one of the private rooms set up especially for couples like us.

There was a king-size bed in the middle of the room, and the four of us piled on, Jasmine and me on one side, Gina and Rocco on the other. Each couple had plenty of space, and we quickly got down to business. I kissed Jasmine, enjoying the way her lips pressed against mine, and how her tongue quickly darted between my lips. Gina, meanwhile, had knelt on the floor while Rocco swung his legs off the side of the bed so my wife could suck his cock. Once she was on her knees I couldn't see her anymore, but I could hear the tell-tale sounds of her giving her new partner a blowjob. Her sucking and slobbering on Rocco's shaft turned me on, and I started kissing Jasmine feverishly, trying at the same time to rip off her skimpy bra and tiny panties. As soon as she was naked, I stripped off my boxers, rolled a condom onto my rock-hard prick, and thrust into Jasmine's soft, wet folds. Her pussy swallowed my dick all the way to my balls, and immediately I was pumping in and out of her furiously.

While Jasmine and I were building up a rhythm, her trying to meet me thrust for thrust, Gina and Rocco were just getting onto the bed together. I glanced over and saw Rocco's still-raging hard-on. I turned my attention back to Jasmine then, but not before catching Gina climbing on top of Rocco to ride his pole. Woman-on-top has always been her favorite position, and I wasn't surprised to see her trying it with her new friend.

Jasmine was getting close to climaxing now, and I pumped into her harder and faster, not slowing even when I turned to check out the action on Gina and Rocco's side of the bed. Jasmine started humping me quicker and quicker, and soon I couldn't stop myself—I shot my load as she came.

The second we stopped coming, I rolled off her and we both turned to watch our partners fucking. Gina had turned around and was riding Rocco reverse-cowgirl. She was bent over low, her ass aimed at Rocco's face and her head buried in the comforter between his ankles. She was gliding her dripping cunt up and down on his shaft while he smacked and kneaded her ass cheeks. When she started to grunt and her deep, smooth thrusts became short, jerky motions, I knew she was about to explode.

"Rocco never comes this fast," Jasmine whispered. "She must be really good." I nodded that she was, too distracted by the scene in front of me to answer.

Then Gina came, howling in ecstasy while her ass slapped hard against Rocco's pelvis. This set him off, and a second later he was coming too, as they fucked through their orgasms.

Then it was all over, and the four of us rested only briefly before getting up, stepping back into our underwear, and heading to the bar for drinks. Rocco and Jasmine were soon approached by another couple and went off to play, leaving us alone at the bar. But we weren't alone for long. That, however, is a story for another day.
—D.T., New Mexico

FAMILY TIME

Emma's foot was inching up my leg, getting closer to my crotch, and no matter how much I tried to push her away, she wouldn't budge. It was starting to get uncomfortable. I didn't want to be turned on while sitting between her siblings at dinner. But, as usual, Em couldn't wait for a more appropriate moment to get frisky.

I jumped up to help clear the plates as soon as dinner was over, hoping to get away from her before she gave me a visible hard-on. When I returned from the kitchen, Emma's mother praising me for lending a hand, my girlfriend grabbed me and told her family that she wanted to give me a tour of the house before dessert. It seemed innocent enough, but with Emma, nothing's ever innocent.

The first and only stop on the tour was her childhood bedroom. The room was painted hot pink, and there were dolls and teddy bears lining a shelf along one wall. Posters of her teenage crushes hung over the bed, and the curtains and sheets were frillier and lacier than I'd ever imagined possible. I couldn't believe my girlfriend, or anyone, had lived in there. I didn't have too much time to think about how Emma had tolerated the room, though, before she pushed me onto the bed.

My wife was riding Rocco reverse-cowgirl, her ass aimed at his face and her head between his ankles.

It was a little weird to be fooling around in her old bedroom with her family downstairs waiting for us, but it was pretty fucking hot too. I was horny as hell, and it was all her fault. If getting it on in that hideous pink room was the only solution, I was game.

Since Emma was on top of me, it was easy to lift up her dress. When I saw that she wasn't wearing panties, I realized that she'd planned this! That was all it took for me to forget about her family and focus on working out the sexual frustration that had built up during dinner.

I flipped her over and unzipped my pants before rolling on top of her. I was already hard, and when I pushed a few fingers between her legs, I found her pussy soaking wet and ready for me. I knew neither of us needed any more foreplay than that, and I pulled out my fingers and shoved my cock all the way into her. Her wet walls wrapped around me like a glove, and my dick throbbed within her warmth.

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I fucked her fast and hard, the way we both needed it. We didn't have a lot of time. I pounded her pussy like an animal, my hips slamming into hers as she writhed beneath me. She was moaning quietly, and I was grunting with the effort, but when we started to get too loud, I attacked her mouth, silencing us both with a heated kiss.

It didn't take more than a few minutes before Emma was ready to explode, and I picked up the pace to get her off faster. With another half-dozen thrusts, I pushed Em over the edge. I had to keep my mouth on hers to swallow her moans. Her orgasm set off mine, and a few seconds later I was coming, shooting a hot load of come up her cunt.

As soon as we were done, we hopped off the bed like it was on fire. Emma pulled her dress down and straightened her hair, and I zipped my pants and tucked my shirt back in. After smoothing out the blankets and fluffing the pillows, we headed downstairs for dessert, and it seemed like no one suspected a thing. It was the best family dinner I've ever been to.—*T.K., Minnesota*

It didn't take long before Emma was ready to explode, and I picked up the pace to get her off faster.

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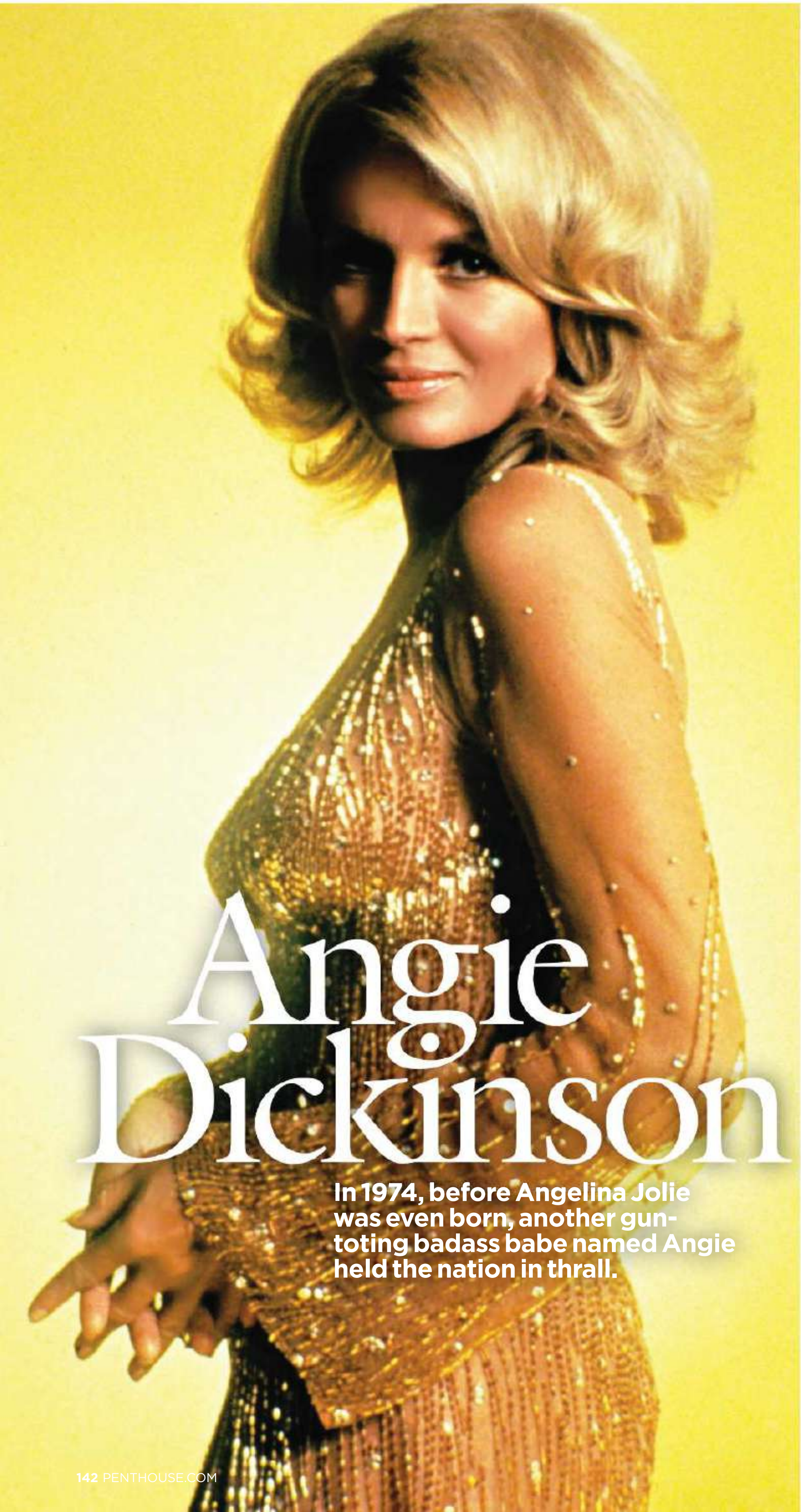

Angie Dickinson

In 1974, before Angelina Jolie was even born, another gun-toting badass babe named Angie held the nation in thrall.

Every once in a while, there's a serendipitous confluence of coincidences in one issue. This month, things kept reminding us of Angie Dickinson—from the fall TV preview that led to a discussion of hot blonde chicks with guns on TV to a DVD review of *The Larry Sanders Show,* in which a still-smoking-hot Ms. Dickinson appeared as Rip Torn's love interest. And who could forget her numerous nude scenes in *Big Bad Mama,* opposite Tom Skerritt and *$#*! My Dad Says* star William Shatner? Since there can be no doubt that Angie is worthy of our worship, we jumped at the opportunity to showcase her.

The beauty queen with the long, long legs had small parts in dozens of movies and TV shows before jump-starting her career with *Rio Bravo* in 1959, romancing none other than John Wayne. She played Frank Sinatra's wife in *Ocean's Eleven* in 1960; the two became lifelong friends who had a ten-year, off-and-on relationship. She's rumored to have had a fling with JFK, although she's never been one to kiss and tell—Sinatra said of Dickinson, "How wonderful it is to meet a lady who's a gentleman"—and she was the only woman welcome when the Rat Pack got together. She made films with Gregory Peck, Ronald Reagan (in his last movie), Marlon Brando, Robert Mitchum, John Cassavetes, and Lee Marvin, who dangled her out a window by her ankles in *The Killers*. And because she's Angie Dickinson, she got Marvin back in *Point Blank,* hitting him in the face with a pool cue with great enthusiasm and leaving the actor covered in bruises. In another precursor to Angelina Jolie, she and Oscar-winning composer Burt Bacharach were Hollywood's power couple during their marriage.

But we'll always remember her for *Police Woman* and *Dressed to Kill*. Her starring role as Pepper Anderson in *Police Woman,* the first crime series to feature a female lead, saw her become a role model for a generation of young women, even as she remained a sex symbol for their boyfriends, brothers, husbands, and fathers. In *Dressed to Kill,* her sexually bored housewife scorches the screen during a fantasy scene in the shower and a wordless steamy encounter with a stranger. Her "reverse striptease" afterward is captured with voyeuristic camera work that still leaves viewers breathless—and horny. *Dressed*'s Kate Miller, embodied by a late-forties Dickinson, is arguably the most memorable MILF to ever grace the screen.

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